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DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

HOW CLEVELAND AND DANA WILL ACT WHEN THE CLOUDS ROLL BY.

Texas Siftings.

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Eds. Texas Siftings.

IN "A. MINER" KEY.

HIGH LICENSE—a balloonist's.
CRAWFORD refuses to crawfish.
VAIN OF MARBLE—the sculptor.
CALLED TO ORDER—the bartender.
"THE BLUE OFFICER"—Mayor Grant.
A MOUTH ORGAN—a dental newspaper.
SQUADRON OF EVOLUTION—Darwinites.
A SWEEPING DENIAL—that New York streets are not clean.
TEA in the Azores, heads a newspaper article. But there is no t in Azores.
THERE is nothing like a steady aim in life, particularly when you are required to shoot a burglar.
THE reason there is so much talk in Chicago about the World's Fair, is because talk doesn't cost anything.
A LITTLE son of a poor clegyman, reading that a minister to France enjoyed a salary of \$17,500, asked his pa why he didn't go to France and preach.
AN American financier has recently published a 400-page volume on the currency. Who shall say that in this country the volume of currency is too small?
GOETHE says life is a quarry, out of which a man must chisel a character. Other people will chisel him out of it quick enough, if it be for their interest to do so.
TIMOTHY, or herb grass, was so named from Timothy Hanson, a Maryland farmer, who was the first to cultivate it largely in this country. Don't address any epistles to Timothy, because he is dead.
THERE were many examples of exalted courage and fortitude among the victims of the French Revolution. Said a writer: "In the prisons those who had no name won one, and those who had a name were taught to uphold it."
GLADSTONE has thought and talked so much on the subject of Home Rule, that his head is said to resemble a map of Ireland. George Francis Train writes and talks so much about himself that every inch of him is Train and nothing else.

OYSTERS with a shell a foot across are found in South Australia. "The oyster fills the shell so well that it doesn't leave much margin," says a writer; and it doesn't leave much margin for anything else when eaten, I should imagine.

THE people of Chelsea, Mass., have appealed to the legislature for permission to change the name of their town, because "dead as Chelsea" has grown into a disagreeable proverb. "Dead as a door-nail" has long been employed to express an extreme condition of deadness, yet we never heard of the door-nail complaining about it.



WENTY AND SEVENTY.

Brighter than the sunshine,
Fairer than the day,
Is the old man's darling,
Winsome little May.
Dark hair in a fluff of curls,
Beaming eyes, and teeth of pearls;
I must tell my grandson Harry
That I'm going to claim this fairy.
When she weds me she shall try

All new joys that gold can buy;
Gems shall deck her perfect brow—
Who's this coming? Well, what now?

Two soft arms around my neck
Hold my wrath in forceful check;
"I'll care for you all your life,
Grandpa, now I'm Harry's wife!"

COMIC PAPERS MULTIPLYING.

The way in which comic papers are multiplying in this country surprised us, until we ascertained that their illustrations are run on the patent inside principle. A humorous journal published in New York sends out a patent inside of its pictures, which renders it very easy to start a funny illustrated paper almost anywhere. When half a dozen of these patent picture papers come to us in a single mail their monotony is depressing.

RABID ABOUT EX-PRESIDENTS.

The dislike, not to say aversion, that Editor Dana of the Sun entertains to an ex-President is something remarkable. It is dangerous to allude to one in his presence, and the sight of one on the street has about the same effect on him that a bit of red cloth has on a mad bull, or a policeman's helmet on an Anarchist. He howls and foams at the mouth. Tell him that Mr. Hayes, one of the most peaceful and inoffensive ex-



THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

MR. POSSUM (with a sore throat)—I'se allers got a bad cold. Wondah why dat is?
SHORTY MINK—Perhaps it's cos so much of you is on de ground.

Presidents this country has ever had, is stopping at a New York hotel, and the Sun editor fairly raves; and everybody knows that the wonder of his life is that the

people of New York city do not rise in their might and lynch ex-President Cleveland for daring to settle "in our midst." Mr. Harrison should never think of subsiding into an ex-President without first placating Mr. Dana.

STILL THE WORLD MOVES ON.

How fleeting is human greatness! But yesterday a name was in everybody's mouth, like the latest brand of gum or plug tobacco. To-day its owner is forgotten, and even his next-door neighbor doesn't know that he has taken apartments elsewhere. A name to move the world but a little while ago, couldn't get moved into another ward now without putting up security. Take the case of Bismarck, for instance. Don't say, "Who is Bismarck?" You must remember old Bismarck. He was Premier of Germany for a long time. In fact, he was almost as great an autocrat as though he had been the Emperor himself. What he wanted he got. What he said was law. Hé meant "biz," Bismarck did, every time. The old Emperor would get it into his head occasionally that he wanted things a little different from what his Chancellor had arranged for, but Bismarck soon convinced him over a mug of lager that he didn't know what he wanted, and he continued to have his way. But the old Emperor died and a young Emperor stepped upon the stage. The Iron Chancellor didn't seem to notice him for a while, but it wasn't long before he was successful in attracting his attention. Then when he dared to interfere with and oppose him, the man of blood and iron sent in his resignation while the family were at dinner. And to his amazement it was accepted, almost between the courses. And now there is a tall, stern figure stalking mournfully among the shades of Friedrichsruhe, wondering why Europe exists and the world rolls on without him. But it does and will. Soon people will say, "Bismarck? Bismarck? seems to me I've heard that name before."

RIVAL POST-OFFICES.

Artemus Ward used to tell about a man in Maine, who, on being superseded as postmaster, set up a branch of his own, sold three-cent stamps for two cents and run the regular post-office out of town. A somewhat parallel case is reported from the town of Rundells, in Western Pennsylvania. A change of postmasters brought on a bitter fight between the friends and partisans of each, resulting in a boycott of the new postmaster. The old postmaster held on to his boxes, and sending to the post-office daily to get the mail belonging to his friends, distributed it as he had been accustomed to do. If a man failed to get a letter that he expected, the dismissed official would say, bitterly, "All on account of that—fool who is trying to run the post-office," and his friends sitting around on nail kegs would declare that the country would soon go to the dogs if such men were allowed to handle the mail. If a girl complained that she couldn't get any letter from her lover, the victim of Wanamaker's guillotine would ask her, what could she expect with such a chump in the post-office? But this state of things couldn't last to the end of the Harrison administration, near as it is to its close, and now the old postmaster is under arrest for running a post-office without authority.

HOW PARIS REPRESSES A THREATENED RIOT.

It is a subject of surprise to many that Paris escaped a serious outbreak on May Day, which the turbulent and discontented elements of the French capital had selected for a demonstration. But the affair was too thoroughly advertised in advance, and the authorities were prepared. The Paris of the barricades is not the Paris of to-day, and a mob is easily controlled. In fact, they are not allowed to assemble in the first place. In the autumn of 1884 Paris was placarded with a mysterious call for the poor and unemployed to assemble on a certain afternoon on Place de l'Opera, and "show their rags to the rich and prosperous." Police were stationed on all the streets leading to the Place, and turned back any suspicious looking groups headed in that direction. If a crowd gathered at any point, polite but stern policemen interposed, "Circulez, mes-sieurs, circulez," equivalent to "move on," and they did,

A HISTORY OF FRANCE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.

PART XXIX.



HERE is much that is legendary in the story of Jeanne Darc, the Maid of Orleans, and history and fable have had a close race together concerning the incidents of her remarkable life. Remorseless historians who have recently been engaged in sifting such evidence as remains, consider the Maid about as mythical a being as

Captain William Tell, of Switzerland. Yet her story will always be told, and the humble peasantry of France will never cease to worship the memory of one of their number, who laid down her shepherd's crook to grasp the sword, and restored her king to his possessions.

Had the Maid lived in our day she would have won a great reputation as a spiritual medium. There would have been nightly seances at her house, and no doubt she would have been able to "materialize" the spirits whose voices urged her to go to the relief of her imperiled country. Then some enterprising manager would have taken her up and given exhibitions of her wonderful powers through the country, taking a dark cabinet, cords and miscellaneous musical instruments along with them.

But spiritualism had not been reduced to a science in her day, and poor Jeanne evidently believed in the voices she heard. She told her father about them, and he, a hard-headed old peasant in wooden shoes, said it was all nonsense, and advised her not to eat cold mince-pie just before going to bed. He had had the nightmare himself from that cause, he said. The neighbors heard of Jeanne's visions, and many believed that the voices came straight from heaven. Others thought they came from drinking, and advised old Mr. Darc to hide his whisky jug where his daughter couldn't find it.

When the voices first began to urge her to go to the relief of the king she demurred. She said she wasn't accustomed to going away from home; was afraid to travel in the cars, and above all she hadn't anything fit to wear. But when St. Michael came in person and told her that she must go, or forever after hold herself unworthy to be considered a daughter of France, she yielded.

Jeanne finally prevailed upon her father to let her go in search of the king, who was living at Chinon, at a safe distance beyond the English lines. First she found a French count named Baudricourt, who laughed when she told him her mission. But she was so earnest and apparently sincere that he furnished her with a horse and sword and sent two squires to conduct her to the king. She mounted the horse man fashion, which she could easily do, as she had thoughtfully provided herself with a complete set of the Jenness-Miller bifurcated underclothing, and rode away, amid the applause of the villagers, who had never seen anything of the like before.

When the Maid arrived at Chinon she straightway sent word to Charles that she had come to conduct him to Rheims to be crowned, and asked if he would have the ceremony performed before or after lunch. Charles sent back word that "cranks" had tried to secure an interview with him before, with a view to assassination, but that he was up to their tricks. If she didn't go right away he would have her arrested.

This message didn't intimidate a resolute young woman who was on intimate terms with St. Michael, and she persisted in demanding an interview. The king still hesitated, fearing that if she wasn't a crank with assassination proclivities, she was an

interviewer from some daily paper, and therefore more to be dreaded. But he finally granted Jeanne Darc an audience, which was something actresses do not always get when they play the part.

To test her sagacity the king dressed himself like his courtiers, among whom he mingled, yet when the Maid was admitted she walked straight up to him and singled him out, and he wasn't a single man, either. She knelt before him and called him King, forgetting for the moment his first name. She told him she had been commissioned by heaven to subdue his enemies, and by heaven she would do it if she had half a chance. She told him a number of his secrets, which he supposed no one knew but himself, though, as often happens in such cases, half the world might have known them. She probably told him of his little love affair with the beautiful Agnes Sorel, which he was keeping so sly that all France was talking about it. The king smiled and winked very knowingly at the Maid, and whispered to her to keep Darc on that subject.

It was evident that he was beginning to believe in



Charles VII. and Jeanne Darc Sharpen the old Sword.

the inspired Maid, though his courtiers didn't. One gruff old fellow asked her what language the voices spoke, thinking to entrap her, for he didn't believe that St. Michael understood French, but she was up to his game. She replied tartly, "They speak a much pleasanter language than yours, sir," whereupon the king and all his attendants laughed heartily at the gruff old man, who went away mad as he could be.

The Maid offered to go to the relief of Orleans, but said she must first have possession of a rusty old sword lying in the Cathedral of St. Catherine at Frirbois, which St. Catherine had ordered her to wear. Sure enough, the old sword was found where she said it was, though she had never been to the cathedral in her life. The king ground the sword to a sharp edge, while the Maid turned the grindstone.

I shall be compelled to reserve the remaining incidents of the Maid's career for another chapter.



Jeanne Darc Cautioned by her Mother.

MONUMENTS AND EPITAPHS.

One of the most difficult things for a man to acquire after he is dead is a monument. This is particularly noticeable with great men. The late Mr. Tilden, who was a phenomenally sensible man, provided in his will for the erection of his own monument, thereby lifting a great load off the New York mind, which is still overburdened with the Grant monument.

In some cases lack of a monument is not such a great disaster, after all, particularly as the epitaphs that are put on monuments are not always in the best taste. The following inscription on a monument in an Eastern city is calculated to discourage the erection of monuments. It reads: "She lived a life of virtue and died of the cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit in the hope of a blessed immortality, at the early age of twenty-one years, seven months and sixteen days! Reader, go thou and do likewise."

Now, while this lady got her monument, Gen. Grant has to wait for his, so to speak. There are lots of other people who, deserving appreciation, are in great luck to get one, even in the form of an epitaph.

CHEERING OUTLOOK.

"Theatrical troupe in town?" asked a native of a small Texas town of a drug dealer.

"Yes, so I heard this afternoon," was the reply.

"Are they going to burst into the burning eloquence of the immortal bard?" asked the young man, who is somewhat addicted to literary pursuits himself.

"I don't know about that," replied the druggist, "but I heard the landlord of the hotel where they are stopping say that he thought they would burst into something before they managed to pay their bills and get their baggage away."

The Philadelphia Record has started an article going the rounds which tells of many things that happened fifty years ago. And the article will probably keep running fifty years.



Jeanne Darc's Departure for the Relief of France.

A WEDDING IN THE PINES.



IN the southern counties of New Jersey are large pine forests, where for miles there are no roads, only paths made by the timber wagons, and a human habitation is not met once in a dozen miles, outside of the small cluster of hovels where the coal-burners live. The people of the

Jersey pines are almost as distinctive as the Florida crackers, whom they greatly resemble. The men are lank, shiftless, and so fearfully lazy that work with them is almost a cardinal sin. They hunt and fish, and make an attempt at corn planting, but their effort in agriculture ends with the attempt; the women do the work. A more hopeless and dejected woman than the women of the pines it would be hard to find, and their reputation is but little better than that of the men; both consider lying and stealing necessary to a successful career in the pines.

I had heard of murders, highway robbery and most all the other crimes being committed in the pines, but never anything good from there, so when a tall, lank, barefooted fellow sidled up to me just as I was going to step into my wagon, I expected he had some tale of wrong to unfold and seek redress for.

"Say, 'Squire, goin' to be busy to-night?"

"Perhaps I shall. What do you want me to do for you to-night?"

"Well, 'Squire, me an' a gal wants to git hitched, and I thought I'd kinder like you to do the hitchin' to-night."

A wedding in the pines was a novelty. I did not know that they were considered necessary in pines society, so I cheerfully agreed to do the "hitchin'."

"How will I find the place?" I inquired.

"I'll show you. I'm goin' that way."

"Yes, but I cannot go for an hour or two."

"Well, 'Squire, I'll wait fer you."

He took a seat on a large stone by the gate and commenced chewing tobacco with the air of a man who has all eternity before him and knows it. I sprang into the carriage and went on. About three hours after I returned, and though it was after dark, he was sitting on the rock, just as I left him.

"Well, 'Squire, ready to go now?"

"Yes. Jump into the wagon."

"Can't take a wagon, 'Squire; have to walk there. Ain't no road in the pines to my place."

"How far is it?"

"Oh, jest about a way."

I turned the horse over to the groom and started out with him. We started along a narrow path, the prospective groom leading the way. The soft pine needles under our feet gave out no sound, and the pine branches scraped across our faces in the dark. I kept stumbling along after my guide for about an hour before we reached a clearing, in which were three or four shanties. Our approach was heralded by about a dozen dogs that seemed ready for a meal. At the barking of the dogs the doors of the shanties opened, and the whole population turned out to welcome us.

"Hey there. Ike, is that you?"

"High yi!"

"Are you got the 'squire?"

"High yi!"

"Well, both on yo come in here."

We entered. As soon as my eyes became accustomed to the smoke and what little light there was in the room, I took in the company. There was about thirty people ranged around the sides of the room—the house contained but one room—sitting on logs, in lieu of benches or chairs. The only floor was hard mother earth, and in one corner of the room a pine-log fire burned. There was no attempt at a chimney, the smoke being left to find its way out of a hole in the roof, and from the amount in the room the most of it was lost. I was conducted to a log seat near the smoking fire.

After we had all sat in solemn silence for a few moments, one of the men spoke up:

"Ike, guess you're kinder skunked."

"Hi yi!" replied my conductor. "How?"

"Gal's changed her mind."

"Has, hey. Well, she'll come to the scratch now or she'll not git me," replied Ike.

"Don't want you."

"High yi! Don't, hey. Maybe she thinks she'll git a better feller."

"She thinks she's got one."

"Does, hey! Who is it?" showing signs of unusual interest.

"Me. Jap Townly."

"High yi!" but there was an ominous sound in the exclamation.

During this dialogue no one else in the room had said a word, but all watched the talkers intently.

"Where's Marg?" asked Ike.

"She's here," replied half a dozen voices at once.

"Marg, come out!" challenged Ike.

Marg, a big strapping barefooted girl, stepped out. Through the thick smoke I could not form any idea as to her beauty.

"Marg, has Jap Townly been sneakin' in on me since I went for the 'squire?"

"Jap says he's a better man nor you, and I want the best."

High yi! Is, hey? Jap git yer club; we'll soon see who's best man."

Jap produced a club and some one handed Ike another. Then commenced one of the strangest duels ever witnessed. They whacked and parried and dodged with surprising skill. As the combat progressed they traveled all around the room, scattering the spectators in all directions and using most emphatic language. "I'll whack ye till the 'squire says who's best man!" exclaimed Jap.

This was not at all pleasing to me, for I knew that should I decide the contest the friends of the defeated man were liable to waylay me going home and get square. Both parties were getting some pretty hard whacks, when in scuffling and dodging they neared the fire. Ike gave his antagonist a chance blow and he stumbled right into the fire, kicking the red-hot coals in all directions. A dozen men sprang to assist Jap, and the next instant a general row was in progress in which women as well as men joined. I managed to get out of doors some way with a whole hide, and started in the direction of home as fast as my legs would work. As I left the clearing I glanced back over my shoulder toward the scene of the wedding festivities, and behold the entire rear of the house was in flames and the combatants pitching into each other by the light of it.

I lost my way once or twice, but by midnight I reached home, almost utterly exhausted.

The next morning I was told that some one wanted to see the 'squire, and on going to the door, behold there stood Ike and Marg. Such a sight as they were! I could scarce keep from roaring. Both looked as though they had been drawn by the heels through a briar patch. All one side of Ike's face was skinned, and one arm was in a sling. Marg's face was black and blue and her nose badly swollen.

"So you turned out the best man?" I asked of Ike.

"High yi! No ornery cuss kin git away with me; and now, 'Squire, jine us quick, for I got to go back and lam thunder out of Jap's old man."



MAKING THE FEATHERS FLY.

FIRST NIMROD—Did you see the feathers fly when I fired?

SECOND NIMROD (sarcastically)—Yes, I saw the feathers fly—off on the bird!

I tied the knot in about five minutes, and watched the happy pair until they disappeared in the pines.

EDWIN RALPH COLLINS.

NOT UNLIKE THE HILTON CASE.

Excited Man (entering a lawyer's office)—You're a lawyer, ain't you?

Lawyer—Yes, I am a lawyer. What can I do for you?

I want you to sue the New York World for \$50,000 damages, and I want you to set about it right away. I am bound to have vindication.

What has the New York World done to you?

It has indulged in no end of abuse. It said that I was a Judas Iscariot.

Do you want to sue the World for defaming your character?

Defaming my character? Not at all. It is the memory of the dead that I want to vindicate. It has slandered Judas Iscariot!

RESULT OF THE CARPENTER STRIKE.

Friend (to Chicago carpenter)—You won the day, I understand.

Striking Carpenter—Yes, indeed. The bosses had to come down to eight hours.

Any immediate result?

Well, yes.

What is it?

Landlords have raised the rent on us.

SILVER BARS.

Bill, the tramp (to his chum, who is sitting on a City Hall Park bench, reading a bit of an old newspaper)—What's the news, Jim?

Jim—Oh, nothin', much. The price of silver bars has advanced in London.



Silver bars in London! Gewhillikins! drinks must come high there. A plain wooden bar is good enough for me.

IT WAS ANOTHER KIND OF SON.

Scientific Jones—It is wonderful what progress has been made in photography. Even the spectrum of the corona of the sun has been successfully photographed.

Tommy Jones—I wonder if the photographer had to shake a rattle at the spectrum to make it keep quiet, like he had to when our baby was photographed.

Waiting for the 'Squire.

OUR DAILY BREAD.



HE statement has been made, and it is a most interesting one, that more than two thirds of the workers of the world are employed in the production or the handling of food as a regular business. At the first thought this seems incredible, so numer-

ous and vast are the other industries of civilization—the mines, the factories, the building trades, etc., to say nothing of the learned professions; but a little consideration brings to mind the fact that the procuring of food is, after all, the main necessity of physical life, and that the larger part of the money that is spent by the average man goes for food. That for which the most money is spent is naturally that which employs the most laborers.

The victualing of a great city such as New York is a daily problem that is daily solved by the use of more brains and enterprise and capital than would suffice to run the entire government of a small kingdom for a year. A million and a half of people have to be provided with two or three meals each. As hardly any, comparatively none at all, of this food is raised, or produced, within the city limits, the difficulty recurs day after day of how to get food enough into the town. For the politico-economist, or the municipal statesman, this condition of things presents any quantity of interesting questions. For the mere observer, like the reader and myself, it offers a variety of still more interesting pictures.

Take the fishing smacks, for example. Enough men to populate a Western county, are engaged in catching fish for the New York market. You or I, dear reader, sit down to a breakfast of broiled blue-fish, or a supper of lobster salad, with no thought whatever of the perils and labors of the men who yanked those unwilling dainties from the sea. Step down with the artist to the foot of Fulton street, where the great fish market is, and see how wonderful is the tumultuous order in which the trade goes on. There is a fleet of big and little boats coming and going, unloading or fitting up for another cruise, and millions of fishes of all kinds are lying around on deck, on the piers, in barrels or boxes or great crates that lie at the top of the water, in which the slippery beauties are kept alive. Hundreds of men, rough and uncouth

enough in appearance, and clad in ugly, picturesque sea-garb, are shouting strange sea-oaths and working like beavers to dispose of their stock.

It does not often occur with any other species of food but fish, that the great markets of New York are greatly overstocked, but sometimes fish—especially mackerel—are brought in such enormous quantities that they are sold for almost nothing, and occasionally are thrown back into the water by hundreds of thousands—of too little value to handle. It is an embarrassment of fishes, as we say in France.

The farmer is another purveyor who comes to the city in working clothes that give him an uncouth look on the city streets. He is a night bird who starts the evening before on his loaded wagon, and not uncommonly sleeps for hours while his faithful horses are dragging him and the load over the familiar road to the ferry. In the early morning before the day begins he has secured his place in the open market, and not infrequently by sunrise has sold his "truck" at a good price, for fresh vegetables and "garden sass" are never a drug in the market in this city.

Around the markets has grown up a curious variety of traffic, usually carried on on corner stands, but large enough to occupy many stores as well. The farmer's money does not all go back to the farm. There are many tools and trifles, garments and gewgaws which are not easy to get around home, and which he, or his wife and children want, and whenever there is a man



On the Road to the Ferry.

with money who wants anything, there is pretty certainly somebody to be found with that something for sale. So an army of peddlers make a living around the markets by selling notions of the same miscellaneous kinds that the traveling peddlers carry in their wagons over the distant country roads—a little of almost everything.

But all this is only a tithe. Hundreds of millions of dollars are invested in the "plants" of the business of supplying meat alone to New York. The great slaughter houses on the New Jersey shore and the smaller ones near our own shores, are supplied daily with droves of cattle, some raised near by, and some brought by rail from the far West. There are railroad trains, canal boats and barges fetching grain. There are ships coming almost daily with fruits and spices from foreign countries. There are millions of barrels of flour and meal, and packages of prepared foods pouring constantly into the great city for consumption here, and the wonderful part of it is that the streams never slacken. If, for a single week, the supplies from outside should be cut off, the metropolis would come uncomfortably close to the starvation point.

As it is, travelers tell us and we New Yorkers repeat it boastfully, that there is scarcely any other place on earth where men live so well and feed so bounte-

ously and daintily as in this same city. In thousands of restaurants, from the cheap eating houses of the Bowery to the clubs of the millionaires, and in hundreds of thousands of homes, the great agglomeration of viands is handed over to cooks and daily devoured by the people. Too often the discriminating man is led to repeat the old saying, "God sent meat, and the devil sent cooks," but well or ill-cooked, the great mass of food is used up every day, and the next day more comes.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

GERMAN JOKES.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

GETTING HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

Music Teacher (to pupil)—Here, Miss Fanny, you must make a pause—one, two, tree.

Father of Pupil—None of that. I don't pay for no pauses. I'm paying for teaching, I am, not for loafing. She can do her pausing after the lesson is over.

AT 3. P. M.

A.—Well, gentlemen, what do you say to a little game of cards?

B.—I'll take a hand, but I can't play very long, for I promised the old lady to be home by eleven o'clock, and she will be expecting me.

THE USUAL NUMBER.

Justice (to boy criminal)—Are your parents still alive?

Boy—Yes.

Beth of them?

Well, I've only got two.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

Proprietor of Store—So you want a position as porter. Do you think you are strong enough?

Porter—Don't worry about that. I caved in three ribs for the last boss I had, and he was three weeks in the hospital.

MUSICAL ITEM.

He (enthusiastically)—If I could always hold these little hands in mine.

She—What good would that do you?

He—Then you couldn't pound that piano any more.

A DEADLY INSULT.

Dude—Miss Highkicker, may I invite you to take supper with me after the performance is over?

Miss Highkicker—Sir, you are insulting. However, I've got no objection. Where shall it be?

The Earl of Fife has a Scottish claymore that he wouldn't sell for \$500, though he wouldn't mind a claymore or less.



A PHYSICAL IMPOSSIBILITY.

MYLES STANDISH—I think that was a pretty mean trick of yours, John, to cut me out of my girl.

JOHN ALDEN—Cut you out of her? Why, Myles, old boy, you'd make two of Priscilla.





DRY UP!

GUZZLETON (1 a. m.)—No more, Algy. I'm beginning to feel pretty well soaked.
BABOONY—A' right; letsh try a little dry wine, then!

THE NECESSITY OF MAINTAINING DIGNITY IN THE PRESENCE OF AN INTERVIEWER.

The temptation, under exasperation, for a public man to free his mind before a newspaper reporter who has come to interview him, is very great, no doubt, but he should restrain it, unless he is willing to see his hasty utterances and angry expletives appear in cold type on the following day. Ex-President Cleveland is now reaping the reward of thinking out loud in the presence of a reporter. The New York Sun charged that Mr. Cleveland, while losing ground with his party, was gaining fat at an alarming rate. The World, always on the lookout for something prodigious, sent a reporter to see about it.

"The Sun says you are getting fat at the rate of twenty-five pounds a month," said the reporter, by way of introducing the subject.

"The Sun is a blank liar," replied Cleveland. And then, according to the reporter, the Ex-President of the U. S. freed his mind with regard to the Sun and its editor in a way that would have astonished even the most intimate of Mr. Cleveland's early chums in Buffalo.

The reporter printed the interview, of course. It was necessary in his business. But it provoked such a vigorous rejoinder from Editor Dana, who laid aside his "senility" for that special occasion, that Mr. Cleveland declared he "never said it." The World weakened, and then the reporter, sturdily maintaining the truthfulness of his report, resigned his position on the paper. He even averred that he didn't print the Ex-President's language as bad as it actually was, and says he hadn't the slightest idea but that Mr. Cleveland expected him to publish his views and sentiments.

This brings us back to our opening proposition, that a public man should be guarded in his language to a reporter. If he poses as a dignified man before the public, he must keep up the pretense when closeted with a newspaper interviewer. This may not fool the interviewer much, for he is very ready in detecting mock dignity and sham, but it gives him less ground to work on. Never say to the reporter, "Now I tell you confidentially," unless you expect to see your confidences printed. Confidential is a word unknown to the interviewer.

Public men are much given to denying the statements of reporters sent to interview them. They know very well the profession of the men who come to talk with them. They know that they come for no other purpose but to get their sentiments for publication, and yet, many times, they repudiate the published report, however fairly and conscientiously made, because it stirs up a bigger breeze than they counted on.

A few years ago Julian Hawthorne, then connected with the World, went to Boston to interview Ex-Minister Lowell, who had just returned from his English mission. Hawthorne says Mr. Lowell knew of his connection with the World and that he came to interview

him. Lowell talked freely of England and the English people. The scribe took it down faithfully and printed it. Lowell repudiated it indignantly—made out of whole cloth, nearly, he said, and expressed surprise that "the son of his old friend" should have so abused his hospitality!

It is difficult to pose as a great man under all circumstances. Napoleon kicked and howled in the dentist's chair just like an ordinary hired man, and the French say that "no man is a hero to his valet." But if dignity is

the direction of the saloon indicated.

"Well, it's a ticket limited to an outside passage."

"Outside passage! I fail to comprehend. I still grope. Perhaps I am obtuse."

"Why, an outside passage is the right to perambulate the cross-ties and count the exact number of them in a mile."

Well preserved—the man who took refuge in one during a cyclone.



BAD AS EVER.

JONES—What does your wife do, now that you are bald-headed? She certainly cannot pull your hair.
SMITH—She swings on my whiskers.

essential in your business, beware how you let down in the presence of a reporter.

THE MODERN CHILD.

Are the children of the present generation as polite as those of the generation before them? How in the previous generation would a boy be regarded who in a street-car would hold his cigarette to the head of a red-headed woman? If we are to believe the oldest inhabitants it was once customary to make reverent obeisance to the aged. Now the boys indulge in profanity in the presence of those older than themselves. The youth of the present day no longer immodestly refrain from using their tongues in the presence of their superiors. In fact it never enters their heads that it is possible for them to have any superiors. There was a time, so it is rumored, when it was considered a very essential part of education, at home and in the school, to learn good manners and practice them, but it would seem as if that era had passed, never to return.

FACILITIES OF TRAVEL.

"How did you get here from Chicago?" asked an actor of a shabby brother actor, whom he had not seen in some time.

"I came to New York on a limited ticket," replied the shabby one, with a knowing wink over the left shoulder in the direction of a sour mash bazar.

"What is a limited ticket?" inquired the other party, accepting the hint and moving in the direction of the saloon indicated.

"Well, it's a ticket limited to an outside passage."

"Outside passage! I fail to comprehend. I still grope. Perhaps I am obtuse."

"Why, an outside passage is the right to perambulate the cross-ties and count the exact number of them in a mile."

Well preserved—the man who took refuge in one during a cyclone.



August De Cayd, 'tis well we meet!

Here kneel I humbly at thy feet;
For I have crossed the raging sea
And spent a pile in search of thee.

Behold, kind sir, a suffering maid!
You bear the time-worn name De Cayd;
Ah! Baron, know my sorrow's pith—
I bear the odious name of Smith.

In coat of arms to court you prance,
And there do business with your lance;
While pa in clothing factory made
Is wrestling on the board of trade.

You spend your *otrum cum dig*;
While papa packs the gentle pig.
Behold me, then, my knees upon!
Observe, consider and catch on.

What tho' my folks' plebeian be?
What tho' my poor ancestral tree
Be lowly as a hill of beans?
My heart is thine, and pa has means.

Come, Baron, then, 'tis time to go,
Just draw on pa for what you owe;
Pause not for parents to approve;
Fly forth, forthwith, with me, your
love.

WILLIS GLEED.

BEEN THERE BEFORE.

Emily—Did George propose last night as you thought he would?

Rose (without much enthusiasm)—Yes, he proposed.

Emily—Did you accept him?

Rose—Of course.

Emily—But you don't appear to be very happy over it.

Rose—I am not. There is a gathering doubt about George in my mind.

Emily—You surprise me. On what account, Rose?

Rose—He didn't appear to be sufficiently nervous over it. (Throwing herself into her friend's arms and bursting into tears.) Oh, Emily, I'm afraid George has proposed to some girl before!

If your best girl loves you, but refuses to be your wife, isn't that a true lover's not?

HE DOESN'T READ THE PAPERS.

First Robber—Did you read in the morning paper an account of your life and operations?

Second Robber (with lofty scorn)—Naw! I am like the politician whose crookedness is exposed by the press, I never read these beastly papers.

PLACE FOR THE POLICE.

New York Theatre Proprietor (to police captain)—Why was there no police protection about the door of my theatre last night?

Police Captain (scornfully)—The dead-head tickets you sent me were for the parkay. I wants a private box; understand?



Theatre Proprietor—But the private boxes were all sold.

Police Captain—Don't make any difference. You can't slight me but what you hear from it; see? And you want to see about renewing your license in time or I'll shut ye up!

There is a reason for all things, and yet the animals went into the ark on Noah count.

PLAYED OUT.

Smith—What do you think of the new fad of New York theatre managers in playing their audiences out with the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner?"

Jones—All unnecessary.

Why?

After sitting two or three hours listening to one of these fool plays which they call "the American drama," the audience is pretty thoroughly "played out," anyhow.

HE WAS TOUCHED.

A.—Wiggles is a tough man. He has a heart of flint. I don't believe anything could touch him.

B.—I saw him once when he was touched.

Where was that?

On the race course. A pickpocket "touched" him for his watch.

THE TOO FLUENT CONVERSER.

Few things are more vulgar or disagreeable to others than the habit of endeavoring to monopolize the talk of a mixed company. Now, as no well-bred man will ever make himself the subject of conversation, so neither will he seek to engross the whole. As every man had rather please others by what he says, than be himself pleased by what they say—or, in other words, as every man is best pleased with the consciousness of pleasing, so should all have an equal opportunity of aiming at it. A polite man, therefore, will not take more of a general discussion than falls to his share. The information of the company is his apparent aim, not the indulgence of his own pride, or an ambitious desire for victory.

A GOOD MANY DRAWERS.

Furniture Dealer (who has been trying for an hour to sell a woman a bureau)—Here is a bureau that is both elegant and cheap.

Customer—I don't like it. It hasn't got enough drawers.

Not enough drawers? I guess it's a pension bureau you are trying to find. There are enough drawers to that style of bureau.

The man who found the corpse of an Indian said he didn't know it was Lo-dead.

THE STAGE OLD MAN.



HE most familiar type of old man seen on the American stage is the aged but frisky inebriate, who is continually stumbling over his own feet, and soothing his parched epiglottis with the imaginary contents of a flask. While thus engaged, he simultaneously administers a dry sham-poo with his other hand to that portion of his vest which is supposed to cover his digestive facilities; and he otherwise indicates that he has struck an oasis on the Sahara of life, and is supremely happy.

Much of the wild stampede between the acts is caused by the realistic happiness which the stage inebriate seems to derive from repeated flushing out of his bronchial tubes with the inward application of alcoholic spirits.

Far be it from me to set myself up as a critic, yet I cannot refrain from expressing the opinion that the intoxicated old man on the stage rather overdoes it at times. Of course his face should be so arranged as to indicate that he had led a dissipated life, and wasted his opportunities; still, the high lights on his nose should be toned down, so that that organ would not resemble a Chinese lantern. In fact, the face of the disreputable old man is suggestive of a "busted" vermilion factory, or an acute attack of erysipelas.

In the matter of raiment, there is room for improvement without dislocating the unities. There are cruel, cynical looking cracks and slits in his shoes that would create a more favorable impression if covered by a drooping mustache. And why should the tops of his shoes be shaded by lambrequins made of the frayed fringe at the bottoms of his pants' legs, and why should he exhibit such a brilliant concatenation of patches that he looks like an animated crazy quilt?

The disreputable stage old man is always smoking the stump of a cigar, which protrudes from his conversational aperture like a spring poem in the congested maw of the editorial waste basket. I insist that occasionally, at least, the old man be allowed to inflate the lungs of an entire cigar, in order to eradicate a horrible suspicion as to how and where he culls those fragrant stumps of the Infamia Canallia brand, which should only be smoked on high mountains during the prevalence of a cyclone, and in the presence of a health officer.

Seen at long range, the disreputable old man may awaken feelings of pity, but, viewed with the nude eye at short range, or with an opera glass, he is subject to a discount of seventy per cent. He is usually the father of the heroine, who calls him "dad" and seeks in vain to keep his bibulous instinct within bounds.

Another type of stage old man is the faithful family servant. He is English, of course, and has saved up a few hundred pounds, which he has much apparent difficulty in persuading the scapegrace son of his "old master" to accept.

In real life, this type of old man is as obsolete as the faithful old negro of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or there-never-was-any-such-Indian of Fenimore Cooper. On the stage he is as numerous and popular as ever, although a great many people think that instead of being called out he should be called in and retired permanently from circulation.

The shabby genteel old man totters across the stage prodding it with a cane. His favorite gesture is gradually and painfully raising and lowering his arms, somewhat after the pathetic manner of poles at railroad crossings, which are placed there to prevent people from blending with the

passing trains. His eyes seem to be worked by the same automatic machinery that moves his hands. Very frequently they are pleadingly cast upwards, but not always in search of inspiration as some suppose. Very often, indeed, he is counting the receipts in the gallery, and calculating the chances of his getting his back salary paid, so that he can once more chase out the wrinkles in his vest by an inward pressure of nourishing food. Very often, for weeks at a time, the stomach of the poor old stage man resembles a flattened out and unused paper bag in a grocery store. Among his other physical discrepancies, of which he is as full as a shad is of bones, is a badly warped spine, the curvature in which seems to have become permanent. As he ambles over the stage seeking to telescope imaginary insects with his cane, it is observed that his brow is furrowed by care, but a closer investigation with the opera-glass reveals the fact that the mental anguish consists of horizontal streaks of black paint, and that the marble brow is built of some cheap material not costing more than five cents a yard. I saw one old man on whose brow the dark despair had been "sloshed" on so carelessly that in the suburbs of the bump of ideality it had coagulated and ran down in streaks. It seems to me that when despair, remorse, misery and other emotions are painted on the stage old man's brow a competent house painter should be selected for the purpose and the work not left to inexperienced supes.



"O, Give me Back me Child!"

If you desire to mop up an exhaustive hemorrhage of briny tears with your handkerchief when the old man says, "O, where is me child?" you must leave your opera-glass at home, and get as far away from the stage as possible. Bad as the stage old man is, very frequently he is not as bad as the company that keeps him. A new stage old man with some of the modern improvements is what the public has a right to expect from the theatrical profession, but he is not in sight yet to any distressing extent, and feeble as the old fraud seems to be, he will outlive the present generation, for he has



Trying to Persuade the Scapegrace Son of his "Old Master" to Accept his Savings.



The Faithful Old Negro of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

the staying qualities of a postage stamp on a leather pocket-book on a damp day.

ALEX. E. SWEET.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN AMERICAN HEIRSS.

March 25—Tom called last night. Tom is splendid, and he loves me, but he is too plebeian. He is a dealer in pig iron. Pig iron! Father says he is very rich now and will be a millionaire some day. What care I for millionaires? Pa is a millionaire several times over. The man who wins me must bring a foreign title—a coronet shall alone adorn my brow.

March 28—Tom has made a declaration—he wants to marry me. Marry a plain American, and a dealer in pig iron! The iron crown of Lombardy might suit me, but money couldn't buy that. Tom will never be anything but a plebeian. Noble fellow, though. So manly, and so handsome. Poor Tom. Why weren't you born with a title?

March 30—I have met the object of my dreams! A prince! a real, live Italian prince! It was at Mrs. Jay's reception last night. All the Jays in town were there. The prince paid me constant attention. It was amusing to see Tom scowl. I couldn't help but smile, for I don't care. Between Pig Iron and Prince, what girl of spirit could hesitate to decide?

April 1—The prince called last night. The top of his head doesn't come up to Tom's shoulder, but oh, how sweetly he talks in his liquid Italian tongue! But there is one thing I didn't like. He borrowed a nickel of me to pay his car-fare back to his hotel. These princes are so eccentric.

April 10—We are to be married, the prince and I. Oh, joy! joy! The dream of my life is to be fulfilled—I shall wear a princely coronet. He has just sent me the most beautiful bouquet—and the bill came with it, but never mind. Pa has to pay something for a prince. I wouldn't have Tom know it for the world, though. We shall sail for Italy immediately after the ceremony.

Board Ship—May 1—The prince, my husband, acts very queer. He asked me this morning for a little change to pay the barber. Afterwards he came down and said he must have ten cents more for a cigar. Are princes, then, so penniless?

May 2—I am laid up in my berth, bruised from head to foot. The prince demanded all the money I had, and when I refused he beat me. He even asked with a sneer, what I supposed he married an American woman for if she wasn't to support him. He is becoming insupportable.

May 10—We have landed, but I am so lame from the beatings I have received that I can hardly walk. The prince has carried off all my jewelry and pawned it.

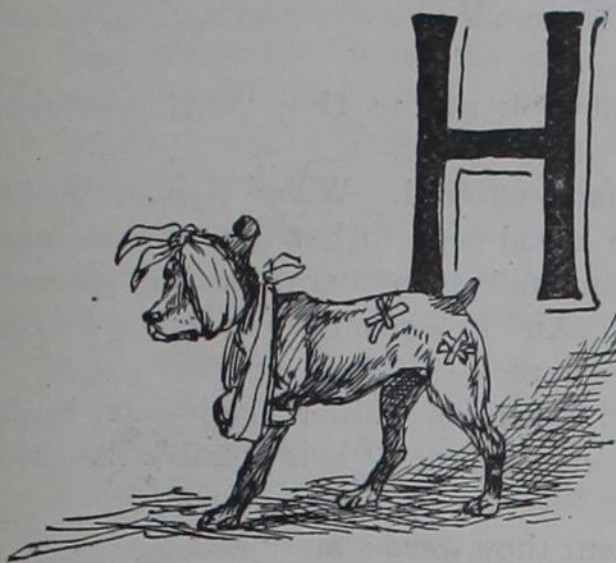
May 11—Oh, horror! shame! shame! The prince has been arrested as a thief and swindler. He is no prince at all, but a horrid barber, who ran away to America with his employer's money, and now he is in jail. I have cabled pa for money to get home. The prince has gone, but the prints he left will never disappear.

ACCI-DENTALLY OVERHEARD.

Jones—I believe I've got a chill. Actually, my teeth chatter.

Smith—Then why don't you buy a set that fits?

RAISING DOGS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



HANK JOHNSON was a full-fledged dog crank, his fondness for his dogs being very similar to that which a Park policeman has for a pretty nurse girl. Hank was not very wealthy, and did not have a

house all to himself, but was obliged to live on the first floor of a large flat house in a part of New York which is not inhabited by the 400. He was obliged to keep his dogs in the cellar, and as they frequently howled at night, he had a constant feud on hand with the other tenants in the house.

Not long since Hank's friend McCusick called upon him. Of course, he had to take the dogs out into the yard and show them to McCusick.

"Now, McCusick," said Hank, glancing upward, nervously, "the neighbors object to my dogs, and sometimes they are not exactly what neighbors should be, but don't mind"—

"What in thunder was that?" asked McCusick, as a large object struck the earth with force enough to wake a night policeman.

"They're at it again," said Jim, mournfully. "That was a beer bottle—only an empty beer bottle. It came from the minister who lives on the third floor. I can tell by the Milwaukee label on the bottle. Good gracious! which dog was hit?"

"I don't know. I only heard the thud. I didn't notice which dog it hit."

"Guess it was that bull pup. It takes an awful hard whack to make him howl, he's so tough. I think he could stand being hit by a pitched ball."

"Ki-ki-yi!" yelped a water spaniel, turning a somersault backwards, as an old coffee-pot struck him on the hind leg.

"Too bad," sighed Jim, caressing the injured dog's rear limb, "he'll be lame for a week. Can't be helped, though. Poor little fel— Look out, Mac! and McCusick, by a clever duck, avoided a full-grown flower pot.

"This is a confounded outrage," exclaimed Mc-

Cusick, adjusting his necktie, which the violent duck had disarranged," and I'd get even with them some way. Why don't you upset the milk pitcher for them in the morning before they get up. Now they've done it! Now I hope they're happy! Just look at that greyhound of yours knocked into a fit!"

"Great Scott!" gasped Hank, dashing into the kitchen and returning with a bucket of water, which he doused over the prostrate dog.

"My! I never saw them as bad as this. This greyhound is one of the best dogs I've got, too. He's got a pedigree that would compare favorably with the Astors, or the Vanderbilts, or even Jno. L."

For fully fifteen minutes they labored trying to bring the dog to a "mother-where-am-I" state of consciousness, but without success. He was finally brought to by the shock produced by being hit with an ink bottle hurled from a window on the second floor.

"Come here, quick!" exclaimed Hank. "Now you choke this fox terrier while I fish that chunk of poisoned meat out of his mouth. Gad! I'm glad I saw that in time."



"No, never! I defy them all!" shrieked McCusick.

"This is the most brutal outrage I ever heard of," said McCusick, swaying his back to let a monkey-wrench pass. "I'd have my revenge if I had to—Hi! there! you young scoundrel, don't you dare to throw that flat-iron down here!"

But he did throw it, and a moment later a pug dog limped toward the corner of the fence on three legs, howling loud enough to ditch a freight train.

This was more than McCusick could stand. He became frantic with rage. He tried to yank up a piece of flagging, and failing in this, he pranced about the yard like a mad bull in a wild endeavor to find a missile to hurl. The tenants noticed that McCusick was in the game, and turned their attention to him.

"Look out, Mac. Dodge! Quick!" yelled Hank, but he heeded him not, and a large partially decayed St. Patrick's potato struck him square in the face.

"Come down here, you measly, low-lived, sneaking cowards!" shrieked McCusick, smiting the earth with the palm of his hand and hopping into the air three or four feet at the same time; "Come down, you cowardly hounds, and I'll flay the life out of you; I'll wipe up the earth with!"

Swash!

A pan of dishwater was emptied into his face from above, and for a time his speech was completely drowned.

"Crawl in here, quick," beseeched Hank, realizing the danger his friend was in, and taking him by the arm. "You'll be killed."

"No! Never! I defy them all. Come down, I say!"

A volley of stove lids, frying pans, and various other articles of household furniture rattled down upon his head.

Jim corralled his dogs into the kitchen. With the aid of his wife he managed to get McCusick in also, and a sorry spectacle he presented. His lip was split, a piece of his ear was gone, and a large chunk of his scalp was not in its accustomed place, it having become attached to a Charter Oak stove-lid and was still out in the yard. It took nearly a pint of arnica and

a yard of court-plaster to put him in a condition to go home.

"Hank," he said huskily, as he limped to the front door, "you ought to move into a civilized neighborhood. Move into the country."

Hank did move, and he now has a residence in the country—right in the heart of Philadelphia—with an acre of ground around it, and he and his dogs, though scarred like veterans, are happy, very happy.

LEWIS M. SWEET.

MUTUAL BLISS.

"My dear," said the aunt of a young widow to her niece one day, "is that your husband's portrait on the wall?"

"Yes, auntie."

"How blissfully happy, and what a heaven on earth must have been his life below," simpered the aunt.

"Ah, yes," said the widow, "but we divided the thing up, so that when he became blissful in heaven, I became happy on earth."

AN UNLUCKY MAN.

A certain Western murderer, who had killed his partner during the progress of a heated discussion on business affairs, was convicted and sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment.

"What, can't I go out at all?" he inquired anxiously of the judge.

"No."

"Then it would have been better all around if my partner had killed me. He always attended to inside affairs, while I worked on the outside. He was a man of sedentary pursuits, and would have stood such kind of office work much better than I shall. Yes, it is very unfortunate that I am not now in his place. I really regret the serious turn affairs seem to have taken."

A NEW NAME FOR THEM.

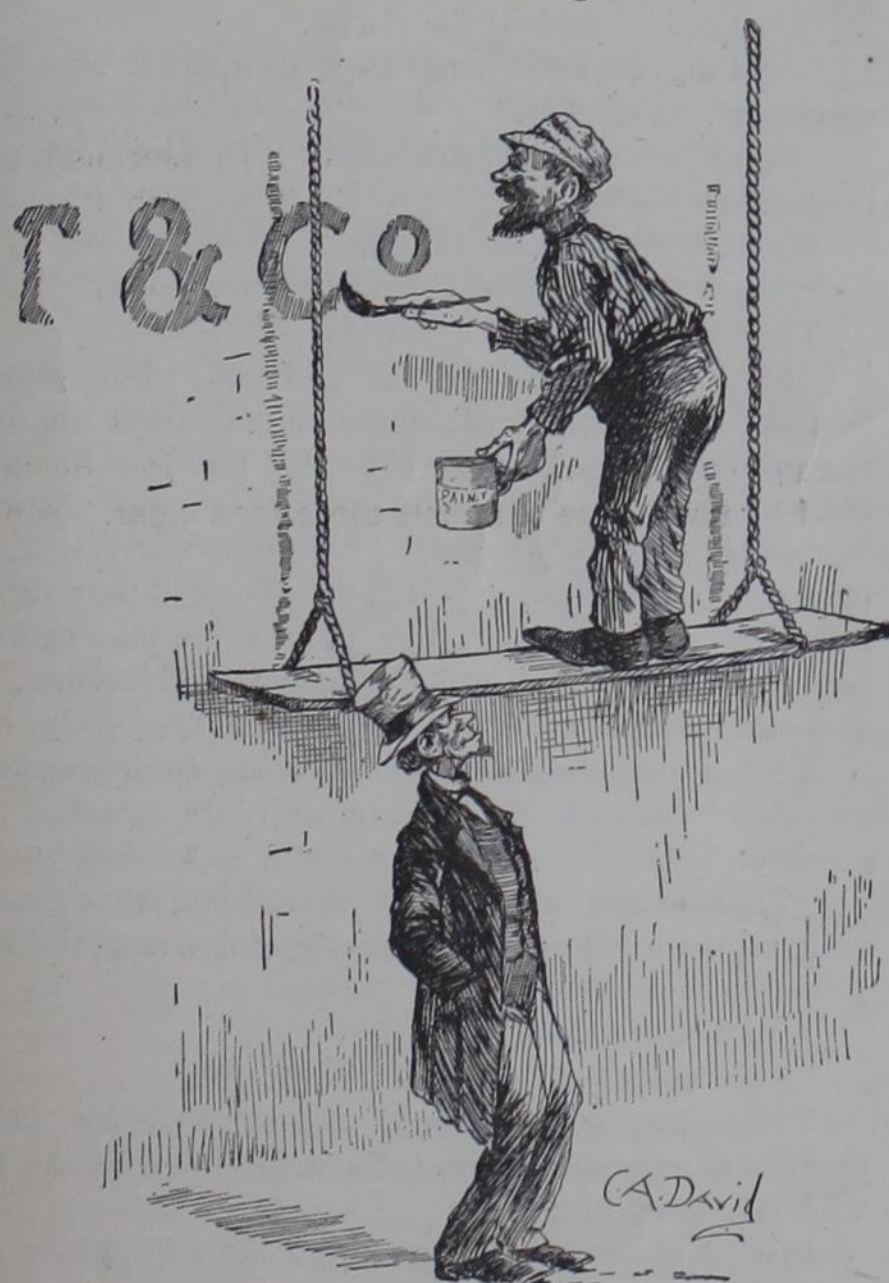
"Mr. Pastern," said old Mr. Bosser, looking over the ledger index, "what is the meaning of this title, 'Bitters that you have here?'"

"Why, sir," replied the book-keeper, "that stands for bad debts."

"Well, what has bitters got to do with it?"

"Don't you see," said Pastern, "the dictionary tells us that aloes, and if all-owes are"—but he never finished the remark, for old Mr. Bosser died of apoplexy right there before his eyes.

It is when a man is getting over the effects of whisky that he is inclined to end his daze.



SEEING IS BELIEVING.

Say, Patrick! how much paint have you left?



PATRICK—Faith, an' Oi'll hould it so you can see for yersilf.

THE CRICKET.

I.



PERFECTLY formed little person, with hands and feet a duchess might envy, a miniature woman, with the fresh but freckly complexion given by life in the open air, with two big liquid black eyes, which made the hearts beat quicker of those on whom they rested—such was Noeline Farques, the miller of Espitos.

A rickety old house built over the stream, quite alone in a forest of alders, leaning over on one side, the life of the old stones taken out of them by their veil of ivy, with huge piles underneath which looked like crutches, resounding continually with a busy hum like a woman's constant clatter—such was Noeline's home, the mill of Espitos.

Although it was old, the mill had faithful customers; and although the miller was small she had many admirers. Among them, the most devoted were Aristide Lariensec, a big red-faced fellow, son of a neighboring miller, and Jonanin Lacaze, a pale blonde, who was serving his apprenticeship in one of the most important shops of the town.

Aristide, the miller's son, hung about the mill, his pockets full of fruit for the young miller. They sat before the millstone and ate them, while the iron wheel sang its rhythmic song as the water poured over it, and the flour fell white and silent, powdering everything around.

Jonanin, the apprentice, was less fortunate. He could rarely see Noeline except on Sunday after mass, when she went to the shop in the town to buy needles and thread. Then, indeed, Jonanin was flushed with pleasure.

He spread out before the eyes of the young girl his whole store of thread and needles, and they were a long time in choosing, for sometimes their fingers met as they turned over the merchandise.

Sometimes on Sunday afternoon Jonanin had two hours to himself, and he went to fish in the stream of Espitos. He did not catch much, for the stream had fewer fish in it than any in the country, but Jonanin placed himself so that he could both watch the window of the mill and his float; he consoled himself for the immobility of the latter by what he saw through the former. At nightfall Noeline came to look for her ducks along the bank of the stream, and the pressure of hands which the lovers exchanged in the Sunday twilight was so sweet that Jonanin dreamed for nights about it.

The miller did not hesitate between her admirers. She preferred Jonanin. She hardly thought of anyone else. When she was with him she was perfectly content. Therefore the blond Jonanin was authorized to pay his court to her. Noeline's mother invited him to come and eat chestnuts at the mill during the long autumn evenings.

But the first time he went a strange thing happened. The cricket which always sang on the kitchen hearth was silent.

"It is so singular," thought Noeline's mother, and the young girl turned pale. And when the young man made his second visit the cricket did just the same. As soon as the young man opened the door the cricket ceased his song.

Then Noeline's mother crossed herself, and the young miller clasped her hands under her apron. And each time that Jonanin entered the house the hostile cricket was silent, and if they listened carefully they heard a strange noise, an inexplicable scratching in the chimney, like a protest of the little insect.

Noeline wept abundantly; her mother was very unhappy. Both of them, like most peasants, attached great importance to the song of their cricket. They knew that one of these insects singing in the house assures happiness and prosperity to its inmates. If it was silent when Jonanin came, it was because Jonanin brought ill-luck. It was imperative that he should stay away.

Nevertheless Noeline knew that her suitor was good, honest and laborious; she seemed to read promises of happiness in his tender gray eyes; but the cricket would not agree. It would perhaps be dangerous to despise its warning, and when the tired youth came, with a beating heart and a voice broken by emotion, to ask Noeline's mother for her hand, the mother was grave and the young miller could hardly keep from sobbing aloud behind her apron. Jonanin was refused. They did not give him the true reason. It would have pained him too much to learn that he would bring misfortune to any house he entered.

The mother found plausible reasons to give him, and Noeline went out to conceal her sorrow. She sat down near the millstone in the dilapidated mill, listening to the drops of water as they fell on the big iron wheel, and when she heard Jonanin shut the door and pass out among the alders and along the bank of the stream, it seemed to her that her heart had stopped beating, and she prayed to God aloud, as if she was afraid she should die.

The following week Jonanin left the country. With his clothes tied up in a little bundle he went away at dusk, when the last leaves were shivering on the trees. He went through the alder woods and along the bank of the little brook of Espitos. The young miller saw him come and she stood motionless before her mill.

"Good night, Noeline," he said slowly.

"Good night, Jonanin," she replied, dropping her eyes.

Then, as he went on, she ventured to ask:

"Are you leaving the country?"

He seemed to stagger on the leaf-covered path.

"Yes, I have found a place at Orthez."

She said nothing. Her fingers played with the little silver cross which hung about her neck, and with troubled eyes she watched Jonanin until he disappeared among the deepening shadows of the silent forest.

II.

A small, thin, pale person, with hands and feet like those of a skeleton, looking as if nature had begun to make a woman and failed, but with two big black eyes much younger than her face, such was Noeline Farques, the miller of Espitos, twenty years after the departure of Jonanin Lacaze. Women in the south fade early. The mill, older by twenty years, and showing it, still stood across the stream, keeping erect by the aid of some additional crutches, and its tic-tac was just as joyous as when it was new.

Noeline had never married. After Jonanin went away no other lover could touch her heart. Aristide Lariensec, who had loved her with a passionate, jealous love, had been refused like the others. The young man, long inconsolable, had married at last. He never came to see Noeline except to sell his grain. They had doubtless both forgotten the fruit they used to eat beside the millstone, while the flour fell, white and silent, powdering everything around.

Jonanin had never come back.

Many and many a time Noeline had walked along the border of the stream with the hope of seeing him reappear. She thought of him every day; and every night when the cricket sang she dreamed melancholy dreams before her sad hearthstone, until her rushlight died out.

Alas! Orthez was so far off. People from Espitos never went there. At the shop in the town they had no news of Jonanin. What had become of the youth with the blond hair? Sometimes, when her old maid's soul was sadder than usual, Noeline prayed for him, but little by little the beating of her heart grew cold and monotonous.

One night, Noeline, who was forty-two years old, was waiting for Lariensec, the former rival of Jonanin. He was coming to discuss the price of the maize he wished to sell her. The miller had offered twelve francs five sous a sack. The farmer asked ten sous more. It was nearly nine o'clock. The shadows were warm; the moon threw its white light on the winding path through the alders. Noeline, standing on the threshold of the mill, saw some one coming.

"It is not Lariensec," she thought, "he would not come by that path."

The man had a wooden box on his back; he walked slowly, seemed tired, and looked at the stream and the trees as a stranger might.

"Good evening," he said, stopping. "Would you like to see Notre Dame de Lourdes?"

"He is a Bearnaise or a Bigourdan colporteur," thought Noeline, "one of those merchants from Pan or Bagnieres, who, under the pretext of showing an image of the Virgin at the bottom of their box, sell chaplets and medals, thread and needles to the country people."

"My poor friend, it is rather dark to see your Virgin."

But as the merchant had a gentle voice, and as the intercession of the Virgin might induce Lariensec to sell his corn at twelve francs five sous the sack, Noeline said:

"Come in, I will look at the Holy Virgin by the resin light."

And the merchant entered. When Noeline could see him she felt the blood rush to her thin cheeks, and when the colporteur had seen her face he seemed equally astonished. And in a plaintive voice he asked:

"So you still live here, Noeline?"

"Ah! good God!" said the miller, feeling her heart beat as it had not done for years, "is it possible that it is you, Jonanin?"

And for a moment they were silent.

The water of the brook fell in noisy drops on the iron wheel, just as it did long ago, when Jonanin came to see her. And suddenly behind the warm hearthstone they heard the shrill chirp of a cricket.

Noeline felt in her eyes a warm moisture like a gathering tear.

Jonanin told his story. He had been successful at Orthez. He had married, had children, had a shop of his own, was prosperous and happy. But after all these years the desire to see his old home had seized him, and for the sake of economy he had come like a Bearnaise colporteur, selling needles and thread on his way.

"Oh, I was sure you would succeed, Jonanin," sighed Noeline.

The cricket in the chimney went on singing. The woman seemed almost overpowered by her increasing emotion.

"Then why," stammered Jonanin, "will you tell me, Noeline, why you would not be my wife twenty years ago?"

At first she could not answer; she pointed to the chimney as if half-ashamed, and would have been glad to hide her head in her apron, as she did when she was young.

"It was the fault of the cricket," she stammered.

"Of the cricket?"

"Yes. I was foolish. I thought you would bring me misfortune. The cricket stopped singing when you came to see me."

"He stopped singing? Why?"

Noeline shrugged her shoulders in sign that she did not know. They both stood silent, dreaming, and they dared not look into each other's eyes by the light of the smoking resin.

Very soon Lariensec, the farmer, entered.

"Good evening, good evening," he said, after the peasant fashion, saluting as many times as there were persons in the company.

And when he had recognized the former shopkeeper—"What, Jonanin! you here! What the devil are you doing here?"

"I come to talk over old times. It does one good at our age."

"Ah, yes, the old times?" said Lariensec. "I remember that you were to have been married, you and Noeline."

"Certainly!" replied the miller.

"And do you know what kept us apart?" asked the merchant, "a cricket."

"Bah!" exclaimed Lariensec. "In fact I seem to remember—"

He burst into a loud laugh.

"Ah! it was too good!" said he, "too good!"

Then seriously.

"Bah! you are happy, are you not? Both happy? We are all happy here; so we may confess our little peccadillos of other days! Ah! that one was too good. Do you know, Jonanin, why the cricket did not sing? We are all friends, you know, old fellow? Well, it was because I was watching you; I scratched in the chimney there, on the side next our field, when you came to pay your court. Ah! other people loved Noeline, too, and other people were furiously jealous!"

Then seeing that his revelation was coldly received, and that Noeline looked at him sadly, he resumed generously:

"That is not all; I come to tell you that I accept your price for the corn, twelve francs five sous the sack. Does that suit you, Noeline?"

And Noeline, in a low voice:

"That suits me, Lariensec."

Then the farmer bought some spools of thread from the merchant from Orthez for his wife and paid without bargaining.

"Good evening, good evening," he said, going out.

Boker's Bitters since 1828 acknowledged to be by FAR the BEST and FINEST Stomach Bitters made, whether taken PURE or with wines or liquors.

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The Most Effective yet discovered.

And the two old lovers were left alone. They did not say much to each other. Jonanin slowly put up his merchandise. Noeline watched him, unconsciously turning over the little silver cross which she still wore with her bony fingers. For one despairing moment she was perhaps tempted to press her lips to Jonanin's hair, once blond, now turning gray; but she restrained herself; her virgin lips were ignorant how to give such a kiss.

"Well, good-night, Noeline," said the colporteur, lifting his box to his back.

"Good-night, Jonanin."

They awkwardly pressed each other's hands and parted.

He took the path through the woods on which the moonlight fell; she standing on her threshold watched him go, while in the chimney the cricket sung in the sad night, sung with a calm, clear, untiring voice, as if he wished to tell Noeline of all the happiness she might have had.—Translated from the French of Jean Rameau for the Home Journal.

Curling the Mustache.

"How long has the custom of crimping the mustache been in vogue?" was asked of a dapper little barber, who runs a shop on Washington street.

"It was first introduced into the United States about four years ago," he replied, "but it was known in Europe half a century back."

"Does the crimping of the mustache injure its growth in any way?"

"Yes, very seriously. You see human hair is naturally oily, which indicates a healthy growth. If a single hair is placed under a powerful microscope, it will be found to resemble a pipistem—that is, a little tube runs its entire length. Through this channel flows a current of oil. Now, if this is dammed up, it has the same effect as binding the stalk of a plant, the ripe sap is cut off and decay follows. Therefore, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, where the mustache is crimped, it finally begins to fall out, much to the grief of its owner. Where there is unusual vigor this result does not obtain, which accounts for the exceptions named."

"Do all your customers have their mustaches curled?"

"Oh, no; it's the middle-aged and young fellows who carry the style. When a man begins to wrinkle up and his knee joints begin to rattle he cares very little for those finer points in his personal appearance."

"Do the dandy police officers like to have a curl put into their whiskers?"

"Do they? Well, I should think so. There are some very handsome men who wear the uniform of the city, and when they go on duty they look as neat as wax. A low hanging mustache would not harmonize with the ensemble of these stoical guardians of the peace. It is seldom one of them goes out on an ostensible hunt for crime with his mustache in the condition described."—Boston Globe.

The Stars and Stripes.

Gazley—"A great deal of fun is made of Delaware for retaining the whipping-post, but there is something patriotic about it."

Snooper—"Indeed! Please explain."

Gazley—"Why, the culprit is made to see stars when the stripes are well laid on."—Texas Cartoon.

He Could Trust Him.

Pater—"My boy, when I was your age I was at my desk at seven o'clock in the morning."

The Son—"That may be, but I know the business is perfectly safe in your hands, even while I'm away."—Life.

All danger of drinking impure water is avoided by adding 20 drops of Angostura Bitters.



A TWO-FOOT rule—"Stand on your own pins."—Truth.

FINANCE—Those who remember you in their wills.—Life.

A MAN of morbid tastes—The auctioneer.—Harvard Lampoon.

A NEWSPAPER is something like a family—it is mighty easy to start.—Terre Haute Express.

LOTS of men seem to get "solid" comfort out of "liquid" refreshments.—Dansville Breeze.

THE man who is too fond of his ante usually makes the acquaintance of his uncle.—Boston Post.

THE course of true love never did run smooth, and it would not be half the fun if it did.—Elmira Free Press.

THE secret of prolonging life is at last discovered. A sentence of death by electricity does it.—Boston Post.

THAT was a mighty strong Irishman who, with a single wheelbarrow, went to Wheeling, West Virginia.—Light.

IT improves your memory to lend a friend \$5, but it destroys the memory of your friend.—New Orleans Picayune.

THEY are introducing Peruvian dogs into this country. Hereafter there will be no scarcity of Peruvian bark.—Plunder.

NATURE has wisely arranged matters so that a man can neither pat his own back nor kick himself.—Lawrence American.

AT the concert—"I want to ask you a question." "Don't talk now; wait until the concert begins."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

JACK POORCATCH, '89, says he thinks that young ladies who refuse good offers of marriage are too "noing by half."—Harvard Lampoon.

"ACTIONS speak louder than words." Yes, for instance, hear how loud a report the action of striking a base drum will make.—Kentucky State Journal.

SPARROWS for the table sell at twenty-five cents per dozen at Albany, N. Y. Richmond would like to sparrow few at a less price.—Richmond Dispatch.

A LIVELY new paper in Indianapolis is called The Ram's Horn. Our German contributor says it is "sheep at two dollars a year."—Norristown Herald.

"IF THERE anything that will bring youth to a woman?" asks a writer. Well, a leading smile from her might bring him to her feet.—New York Journal.

A CONNECTICUT lady drank four ounces of oil of wintergreen to allay pain, and it killed her. Her funeral must have been sort of a wintergreen bury, as it were.—Dansville Breeze.

"OF course you can't believe one-half you doubt," said a close observer sententiously, "but of all the lies you hear I don't think more than half are true."—Philadelphia Times.

DELAWARE has ten ex-governors. The other five hundred inhabitants would move away if they didn't expect to become governors themselves pretty soon.—St. Louis Magazine.

A VIENNA baker is advertising his business by putting a gold ducat in one loaf out of every thousand that he bakes. The people in the poor suburb where his shop is situated fairly fight to buy the loaves.—New York Sun.

MOOLEY, the cow in The County Fair, was taken ill a few evenings ago, and her understudy (from New Jersey) took her part on short notice. Several foreign mannerisms were noticed in her acting, but otherwise she scored a success.—Dramatic Mirror.

THE Steamer Puritan is again in service on the Fall River Line, leaving New York every other day, the Providence running on opposite days. The latter vessel will be retired in the course of a week in favor of the Pilgrim.

ALLCOCK'S

POROUS PLASTERS.

A COMMON-SENSE REMEDY.

In the matter of curatives what you want is something that will do its work while you continue to do yours—a remedy that will give you no inconvenience nor interfere with your business. Such a remedy is ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. These plasters are not an experiment; they have been in use for over thirty years, and their value has been attested by the highest medical authorities, as well as by voluntary testimonials from those who have used them.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. They require no change of diet, and are not affected by wet or cold. Their action does not interfere with labor or business; you can toil and yet be cured while hard at work. They are so pure that the youngest, the oldest, the most delicate person of either sex can use them with great benefit.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

Virginia City Audiences.

I heard an amusing reminiscence of John T. Raymond the other day. It seems that this comedian always made a practice of stopping off and giving performances at Virginia City on his way across the continent. One time he complained to the local manager that he had never done a good business in the town, and he had about made up his mind to give it the go-by hereafter. The manager argued that it was all Raymond's fault; that his engagements were ill-timed, and that if he were to visit Virginia City at the proper time, there would be no trouble about securing packed houses.

"If you could manage to be hereabout when we have a hanging," said the manager, "you'd do a magnificent business, for there's nothing like an execution to draw a crowd into town."

"Well, you let me know," said Raymond, "when the next hanging is to occur, and if I can get here I will."

The local manager said that there was to be a hanging a fortnight from the following Friday; by canceling certain other dates and by making a tedious journey, Raymond was able to bring his show back to Virginia City at that time. Surely enough, the town was full of people—they had come in from all the territory round about—thousands of them, all with plenty of money, and all crazy to see the hanging. Raymond was overjoyed. "At last!" he cried, with a mighty sigh of relief.

In order to accommodate the crowd expected at the theatre that night benches and chairs were hired and brought in. "Spare no expense," said Raymond, gleefully. "Let us make hay while the sun shines!"

But at two o'clock that afternoon a telegram came from the governor relieving the criminal, and by six o'clock the camp was as deserted as a last year's bird's nest.—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Supremely Delightful

To the emaciated and debilitated invalid is the sense of returning health and strength produced by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. When that promoter of vigor is tested by persons in feeble health, its restorative and vitalizing potency soon evinces itself in improved appetite, digestion and nightly repose, the sole conditions under which strength and nerve quietude is vouchsafed to the human system. A gain in flesh of course ensues upon the restoration of digestion and assimilation. As surely as winter follows the fall of the leaf, does disease shadow the decadence of vitality is not arrested. Marasmus, consumption and other wasting maladies are prompt to fasten upon the enfeebled. Avert disease, therefore, with this grand enabling tonic, which not only renews failing strength, but mitigates and counteracts the infirmities of age and those of the gentler sex. Rheumatism, malaria, liver and kidney troubles yield to it.

It Was Fixed.

A citizen was passing up Macomb street the other evening when a man rushed out on him from an alley and knocked him down, but had hardly done so before he said:

"Really, now, I beg a thousand pardons. You are not the man I was after."

"But you have bungled my eye for me," said the other as he got up.

"Yes, but it was through a mistake."

"But what am I to do?"

"Lay for some other fellow and black his eye."

"But I am no fighter. I never hit anybody in my life. When I go home with this my wife will want to know how it happened, and she won't believe that there was a mistake."

"Lay it to the police."

"How?"

"Why, say that you were waiting on the corner and a patrolman came up and gave you a whack."

"By George! but that solves the problem! One was around our place last week and notified her to remove a pail of ashes, and she hit him with a tomato can. She'll believe it quicker'n scat, and she's just the woman to go down and blow up the superintendent. Much obliged for your kindness, sir. This may be a blessing in disguise."—Detroit Free Press.

The Northern Summer Resorts

of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Dakota, not forgetting the famous Excelsior springs of Missouri, are more attractive during the present season than ever before.

An illustrated Guide Book, descriptive of a hundred or more of the choicest spots of creation, on the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y. will be sent free upon application to A. V. H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Tapped Them with a Stick.

Employer—"Patrick, have you tapped the maple trees in the yard, as I told you to, this morning?"

Patrick (recently arrived from Cork)—"Yis, sor, but devil a bit av juice kem from them, bedad!"

Employer—"Strange! This has been beautiful sugar weather. What did you tap them with?"

Patrick—"Wid a shtick, sor, and begorra oi shtrucked them har-rd, too!"—Burlington Free Press.

Pozzoni's Complexion Powder produces a soft and beautiful skin; it combines every element of beauty and purity.

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W. M. NEWTON, BELLEVILLE, ALA.

Prominent among the young men who have exerted considerable influence over the mercantile interests of the South, and especially Alabama, is W. M. Newton, of Belleville, whose portrait we give above. He was born in 1864. He is a graduate of Belleville Academy. At his majority he was taken into the firm of C. A. Newton & Son, where he still continues, pushing and energetic. Socially Mr. Newton is a great favorite.

Interrupted Memory.

From an article entitled "A Study of Consciousness," by Professor H. S. Wood, in The Century, we quote as follows: "During the Centennial Exhibition a big, burly Scotchman was brought to the hospital unconscious from sunstroke. I plunged him into a mass of slush and water and piled great masses of ice about his head. As he gradually struggled back to consciousness, his first sensation was that he was packed away in an ice-box and doomed. When he came more fully to himself his first inquiry was, 'Who am I?' I said, 'Who are you?' This he could not answer. For four days that man lay in the hospital, apparently perfectly rational, wondering who he was. During all this time his friends were searching, and had detectives looking for him all through Philadelphia. At last his recollection came back, and he was able to give his name.

"Some years ago in one of our Southern cities a man was seized by the police and taken to a hospital, where he told the following story: 'I know nothing who I am or where I came from. All I know is that I found myself on the railroad platform a short time ago. I then drifted into a hall and heard a temperance lecture; goaded into fury by the eloquence of the speaker, I rushed out and began to smash the windows of a neighboring drinking-saloon; a consequent attack on me by the roughs led to my arrest by the police and my being brought to the hospital. That is all I know; who I am I cannot tell.' At the time of the publication of the report of this case the hospital authorities had not found out who the man was."

Something that will quiet the nerves, give strength to the body, induce refreshing sleep, improve the quality of the blood, and purify and brighten the complexion, is what many persons would be very glad to obtain. Carter's Iron Pills are made for exactly this class of troubles, and are remarkably successful in accomplishing the ends desired, as named above. They are useful for both men and women. Price, 50 cents a box.

A Strange Marriage Law.

The Times of India publishes the rules which the Bombay Government, with the assent of the Governor-General, has drawn up for regulating the marriage expenses of the Kadva Kanbi caste in the district of Ahmedabad and Kaira. Power to make these rules is given under the act for the prevention of female infanticide. Some of them are curious. The chentlo, or present given at the betrothal by the bride's father to the bridegroom's father, is not to exceed one rupee and seven suparis and betel-nuts. The marriage chentlo payable to the bridegroom's father may be one rupee and shall not exceed 100 rupees. The value of the cocoanuts distributed at the marriage procession is not to exceed ten rupees, and the same limit is fixed on the value of the mosalu, or present by the bride's maternal relation. The payment at the ceremony when the bridegroom touches with his finger his mother-in-law's dress must not go beyond two rupees. The number of the dinner parties given by the bride's family is not to be more than five, and the number of guests at each not more than twenty-five. The marriage party going to the bride's village are not to spend more than thirty rupees, and when the bridegroom is invited to a social evening at his father-in-law's house, he is not to be paid more than two rupees nor to take with him more than five men.

An Unjust Suspicion.

"Have you taken a bath?" asked the officer at Deer Island of the Anarchist who had just come down on the morning boat.

"Do I look like a man who takes baths?" was the proud reply.—Somer-ville Journal.

You hardly realize that it is medicine, when taking Carter's Little Liver Pills; they are very small; no bad effects; all troubles from torpid liver are relieved by their use.

A Cultivated Taste.

Cobwigger—"How is it that cur of yours can never let a dog pass without trying to bite a piece out of him?"

Wibcobb—"I guess he acquired a taste for that kind of thing when he belonged to a butcher who always fed him on sausages."—Town Topics.

A Graceful Compliment.

Mrs. Simson (exhibiting her first born)—"Isn't he a cunning little monkey, Mrs. Tangle?"

Mrs. Tangle—"Yes, indeed. And he's so remarkably like his father."—West Shore.

She—"I cannot tolerate that Miss Nouvelle; her dresses are all badly made, she has no taste at all, and I'm sure she paints and dyes her hair."

He—"How do you know this?"

She—"Why, I sit only three rows behind her at church."—Harvard Lampoon.

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GAS ENGINE AND POWER CO., Morris Dock Station, New York City.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Roland Reed will attempt Dr. Pangloss in The Heir-at-Law next season.

Hoyt's new farce, A Texas Steer, has been tried and is pronounced a complete success.

The playing of the national anthem, The Star Spangled Banner, has met with instant approval. It is a splendid idea.

Charles Eastlake, brother of Miss Eastlake, will be Miss Eastlake's manager when she returns to this country to star next season.

Miss Mattie Vickers at the People's Theatre last week was cordially received in her own realistic comedy, Jacquine. The musical part was capital, and Miss Vickers has established herself a prime favorite. This week The Dead Heart, with a very strong cast, is crowding the house to the doors.

Richard Mansfield has produced his old-time success of A Parisian Romance at the Madison Square with an access of popularity. The Baron Chevalier has lost none of its consummate art by the talented actor's recent labors in the legitimate. If anything, Mr. Mansfield's art has improved and mellowed in the interval. Certain glimpses of the genius which made so emphatic an impression in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde are occasionally apparent. The Baron, while as polished as ever, is less eccentric and *outré*. A new play, entitled Beau Brummel, by a new writer, one Hitt, will be produced on May 19th. It is said that George IV. figures prominently in the play.

The recent revival of interest in Jules Verne's novel, Around the World in Eighty Days, caused by Nellie Bly's trip for the New York World, has led the Kraliy Bros. to reproduce their grand spectacular play founded on the celebrated story. The performance is greatly enhanced by superb scenery and brilliant costuming. Several admirable ballets lend additional attraction—notably The Mikado, which is given with the original music of Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta. The Japanese costumes in this scene are unusually beautiful, and the whole spectacle dazzles the eye with its graceful motion and rare pageantry of color. The dancing of Mlle. Paris and the Three Little Maids deserves special mention. The play will hold the boards at Niblo's for some time to come.

The Charity Ball, now running at the Lyceum Theatre under the efficient management of Mr. Charles Frohman, is an ornament to the American stage. A play so closely wrought, so sound in its moral, and so beautifully staged, is a sufficient argument in rebuttal to those critics who eternally decry the decadence of dramatic art in this country. Certainly Messrs. Belasco and De Mille have by this—their *chef d'œuvre*—eclipsed their past successes, and dispute the claim of Bronson Howard to the rank of foremost American playwright. A marked improvement in the original presentation of the piece is seen in the engagement of Henrietta Crosman for the part of Phyllis Lee. Miss Crosman plays with an intelligence that her beauty supplements delightfully. Herbert Kelsey and Georgia Cayvan, supported by W. J. Le Moynes, Nelson Wheatcroft,

Fritz Williams and Effie Shannon, comprise the exceptional cast. Miss Cayvan's acting develops an intellectual maturity and a pathetic tenderness that was prophesied in her portrayal of May Blossom. It is due to Mr. Williams and Miss Shannon to say that the dramatic instinct is seldom so faithfully exhibited at such an early age. The play has run the entire year at the Lyceum and will be enormously successful upon the road.

Washington's Greatness.

As a soldier, it is easy now to see that his greatness consisted largely in the way he received disaster. He proved his nobility in rising above defeat, in wrenching success from failure; in keeping an immovable front against reverse, detraction, and infamous abuse. His life was one long struggle; not, as to a superficial view it might seem, a series of mere fortunate successes. High character, rather than "good luck," was his immortal equipment.

But it is as a citizen that Washington gives what may be thought to be the most valuable lesson of his career—the lesson of absolute honesty, absolute disinterestedness. Let those who preach, who teach, who vote, make the contrast on all occasions between the tone of Washington and that of every public man of to-day who falls below his standard. The standard is not too high for any man. Washington was no angel, saint, or demigod. We have a right to exact from every man who takes public service equal public virtue. The people do this theoretically, if not practically, already; but we will not have city, State, or national government what it should be till we make the demand in practice as well as in theory.—The Century.

Japanese Theatres.

In recent years I have had frequent occasion to visit our theatres in company with foreigners. It was for a long time difficult to make them believe that the women of the stage were in all cases represented by men. To such perfection have feminine impersonations been brought, that even those who are familiar with every article of disguise are unable to detect the slightest difference between the imitation and the reality. This is the result of a method of training which was once so laborious and painstaking that the actors who followed it were compelled to renounce all the natural occupations and pursuits of the male sex, and devote themselves to a life of perpetual mimicry. Not only in the exercise of their vocation, but in the privacy of their homes, they were accustomed to wear a modified form of feminine dress, to arrange their hair after the fashion of women, and to habituate themselves to the use of those household articles which are ordinarily manipulated by wives and daughters. Their style of living was like that of ladies of high degree. Their theatrical dressing-rooms have been compared, though with considerable exaggeration, to the boudoirs of feudal noblewomen. The lines of study were so carefully subdivided that one class would devote themselves to the imitation of fair damsels, while another would assume the guise of matrons, and a third would deport themselves like aged dames. These fine distinctions are not at the present day so strictly observed as in preceding generations; and though there are still numbers who address themselves chiefly to the impersonation of women, as their special branch, there appears to be a growing disposition to enlarge their sphere so as to include the assumption of male as well as female characters.—T. J. Nakagawa, in Scribner.

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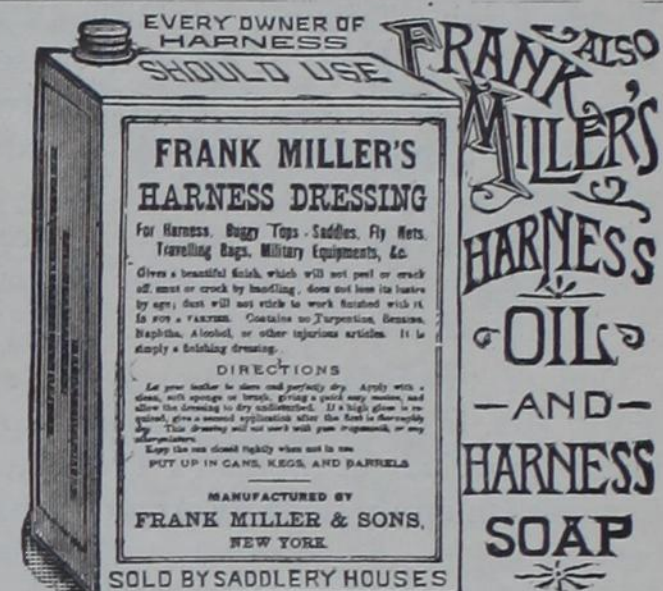
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



We are in receipt of the May number of The Sunny Hour. It contains many articles of interest to young people. Its editor, Tello J. d'Apery, is a boy but thirteen years old, and certainly has a bright future.

One of our bright exchanges is the Westborough Tribune, published at Westborough, Mass. It recently passed into the hands of Beamen & Hoyt, two bright young men from New York State, who have put it in the foremost rank of weekly newspapers. A feature is a column of original humor, edited by Vincent York, a SIFTINGS contributor.

One of the brightest women in New York, Mrs. Isabel Mallon, who, perhaps, knows more about woman's dress and fixings than any woman in America, has been added to the editorial staff of The Ladies' Home Journal of Philadelphia. Mrs. Mallon is an experienced editorial writer, and will conduct one of the fullest and strongest fashion departments in the Journal ever attempted in a general magazine. Her new position makes her the best-paid fashion-writer in the country. Mrs. Mallon is young, pretty, and one of the best-known women in New York society.

Lafcadio Hearn, who is one of the recent meteoric lights in literature, has contributed one of his peculiar sketches to the May Lippincott, entitled Karmo. There is also a story by Bret Harte, A Sapho of Green Springs. Clara Bloomfield-Moore furnishes a gossip essay on Robert Browning. A comedy in rhyme, entitled The Icicle, by Edgar Fawcett, is located in Seville. It is melting in some of its scenes, notwithstanding its icy title. Leaves from the Journal of Frederick S. Cozzens contains some interesting reminiscences of Daniel Webster, Bryant, Irving, Thackeray and others. Mr. Cozzens was one of the original members of the Century Club.

He Was Consoled.

A New Yorker who met a Kansas man at one of the hotels the other day heaved a sigh as he said:

"I was in your town two years ago, and that piece of property west of the railroad station was offered to me for \$30,000."

"Yes."

"I hear that it was sold last year for \$75,000."

"It was."

"What short-sighted people some of us are. Had I bought at \$30,000 I could now probably sell for \$100,000. Think of that."

"My dear friend, let me console you. This piece of property can be bought today for \$15,000. The boom has passed."

—New York Sun.

An Ohio lady was so frightened by a snake that her glossy black hair turned white as snow. It was soon returned to its original color by Hall's Hair Renewer.

To MAKE a paper weight, neglect to pay up your subscription dues.—Chatter.

My friend, look here! you know how weak and nervous your wife is, and you know that Carter's Iron Pills will relieve her, now why not be fair about it and buy her a box?

Pearls of Truth.

Ostentation is the signal flag of hypocrisy.

Be quick. You can't use a minute but once—make the most of it.

Life is a long course of mutual education which ends but with the grave.

You just bring a couple of little quarrels into your family and they'll breed like sparrows.

There is no beautifier of complexions or form of behavior like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.

The happiest man is he who, being above the trouble which money brings, has hands the fullest of work.

There may be times when silence is gold, and speech silver; but there are times, also, when silence is death and speech life.

I have always found that the honest truth of our own mind has a certain attraction for every other mind that loves truth honestly.

Never look back. You can't help the mistakes you have made. Don't make any more. Don't think of what you have achieved, but of what you may accomplish.

Nature loves truth so well that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty—it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.

A bad habit broken away from is a good day's work. The earlier a habit is formed the stronger the hold it has. Private personal habits are more difficult to get rid of and have a more demoralizing effect than public ones.

One of the best means of saving power is to rest just before getting tired. A human being may work up to the point of fatigue without injury; but the moment exhaustion supervenes, that moment a debilitated state sets in which cannot be recovered from readily.

Nature is the true idealist. When she serves us best—when, on rare days, she speaks to the imagination—we feel that the huge heaven and earth are but a web drawn around us, that the light, skies, and mountains are but the painted vicissitudes of the soul.

Good taste is a true economist. It may be practical on small means, and sweeten the lot of labor as well as of ease. It is all the more enjoyed indeed when associated with industry and the performance of duty. Even the lot of poverty is elevated by taste. It exhibits itself in economies of the household; it gives brightness and grace to the humblest dwelling; it produces refinement, it engenders good will, and creates an atmosphere of cheerfulness. Thus good taste, associated with kindness, sympathy and intelligence, may elevate and adorn even the lowest lot.

Men should influence one another in their business and their homes, in the intercourse of chance acquaintance and the close ties of friendship. This it is that keeps them from growing narrow and bigoted in their own opinions, and draws them together in love, in friendship, in a common patriotism and a human brotherhood. But this constant influence needs to be balanced by a firm individuality, a manly self-respect, and a steady adherence to the principles that appeal to each one's sense of right. Therefore, unless there are times when the man retires voluntarily from all human sight, where no public or private pressure can sway him, and where his own feelings, his conscience, may assert themselves, unrebuked and unassisted, he can never preserve that personality which is or should be the core of his being.—Exchange.

It is the man who is losing ground by inches who becomes dissatisfied with his lot.—Puck.

His Unlucky Day.

"I tell you what it is," said a Brooklyn man, as reported by the New York World, "I am firmly convinced that every man has his particular days for good and bad luck. Monday is my unlucky day. I have been watching it for twenty years, and nothing can shake me in this belief. I never begin any enterprise, no matter how trivial, or start on any journey on that day. Therefore I make Monday an off day and do nothing but putter around the house. Even in these little affairs everything goes wrong. Take the record of last Monday, a fair average, and be convinced:

"Smashed finger while nailing board on fence.

"Fell down cellar stairs with coal-scuttle.

"Fell over wheelbarrow while carrying step-ladder.

"Sat down on chair where children had been pulling taffy.

"Got swindled by peddler.

"Got thumb pinched in gate.

"Dropped smoothing-iron on foot.

"Baby got out in yard and was butted by strange goat.

"Tax man called.

"While eating supper square yard of ceiling fell on dining-table.

"Went to bed to escape further disaster. Had nightmare. Thought I was falling from top of Eiffel tower. Fell out of bed and broke arm. Looked at clock and saw it lacked fifteen minutes of midnight. Lay still till clock struck twelve. Was afraid if I moved before Tuesday was ushered in I would have broken neck.

"Yes, indeed," concluded the man, "Monday is my unlucky day, and I approach it with feelings akin to terror."

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. Hiscow, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

"My life," said the clergyman, pocketing a \$5 fee, "has been as calm as the moonlit lake, and yet I have experienced many 'hitches' since I entered the ministry."—Norristown Herald.



A representation of the engraving on our wrappers.—RADWAY & CO. NEW YORK.

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Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Regulate the Liver, and whole Digestive organs. 25 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT, for the Blood.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is an effective remedy, as numerous testimonials conclusively prove. "For two years I was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia and liver complaint. I doctored a long time and the medicines prescribed, in nearly every case, only aggravated the disease. An apothecary advised me to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and was cured at a cost of \$5. Since that time it has been my family medicine, and sickness has become a stranger to our household. I believe it to be the best medicine on earth." — P. F. McNulty, Hackman, 29 Summer st., Lowell, Mass.

FOR DEBILITY, Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is a certain cure, when the complaint originates in impoverished blood. "I was a great sufferer from a low condition of the blood and general debility, becoming finally, so reduced that I was unfit for work. Nothing that I did for the complaint helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a few bottles of which restored me to health and strength. I take every opportunity to recommend this medicine in similar cases." — C. Evick, 14 E. Main st., Chillicothe, Ohio.

FOR ERUPTIONS

And all disorders originating in impurity of the blood, such as boils, carbuncles, pimples, blotches, salt-rheum, scald-head, scrofulous sores, and the like, take only

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

VERSES NEW AND OLD.

DUDY'S HAT.



Oh, dudy, dudy, darling,
You had better cease your snarling
When you're looking for a hat;
Don't send your good thoughts flitting,
'Cause you cannot get a fitting,
The style you want's a flat.
For that would match your features,
You flimsiest of creatures,
'Tis proved so, oft and oft;
And this I've often said, sir,
If you want to suit your head, sir,
You should get one very soft.

—Goodall's Sun.

THE USED TO BE.

Beyond the purple, hazy trees
Of summer's utmost boundaries;
Beyond the sands—beyond the seas—
Beyond the range of eyes like these,
And only in the reach of the
Enraptured gaze of Memory,
There lies a land, long lost to me—
The land of Used-to-be.

A land enchanted—such as swung
In golden east when sirens clung
Along their dripping brinks, and sung
To Jason in that mystic tongue
That dazed men with its melody—
Oh, such a land, with such a sea
Kissing its shores eternally,
Is the fair Used-to-be.

A land where music ever girds
The air with belts of singing birds,
And sows all sounds with such sweet words
That even in the lowest herds
A meaning lives so sweet to me,
Lost laughter ripples limpidly
From lips brimmed o'er with all the glee
Of rare old Used-to-be.

Lost laughter, and the whistled tunes,
Of boyhood's mouth of crescent runes,
That rounded through long afternoons,
To serenading plenilunes—
When starlight fell so mistily
That, peering up from bended knee,
I dreamed 'twas bridal drapery
Snowed over Used-to-be.

O land of love and dreamy thought,
And shining fields and shady spots
Of coolest, greenest grassy plots,
Embossed with wild forget-me-nots—
And all ye blooms that cunningly
Lift your faces up to me
Out of the past, I kiss in thee
The lips of Used-to-be.

And love ye all, and with wet eyes
Turned glimmering on the skies,
My blessings like your perfumes rise,
Till o'er my soul a silence lies
Sweeter than any song to me—
Sweeter than its melody
Or its sweet echo, yea, all three—
My dream of Used-to-be.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

When Girls are Engaged.

You have a little band around the third finger of your left hand in which is set a turquoise, and when it was put there you remember that the Hindoo said: "He who hath a turquoise hath a friend." Now, that's what you have in the man you love best, and whose wife you are going to become—a friend. He is your sweetheart, your lover, it is true, but because to you his heart seems best worth having, his love the richest gift you can possess, you will not vulgarize, as many girls do, the tie that binds you. It is true you go with him alone to hear some wonderful music, or look at some fine pictures, but I hope it is not true that when you are at a party, or in your own home, you two pair off and make yourselves objects for silly chatter and idiotic jesting.

He can love you with his whole heart, but he must not make you an object of ridicule. He can think you the most unselfish girl in the world, but he must not show his own selfishness by expecting you to devote your evenings exclusively to him, ignoring those who are at home. Let him come in and be one of them—there's a dear five minutes when he can speak to you, when he can kiss you on the lips that he knows are only the gates to sweet, pure speech, and when he can whisper the lovely nothings that mean so much to you both.

Then, too, don't let him feel that he must give up all his friends for you; don't accept valuable presents from him, and don't assume an air of proprietorship with him. Tell him nothing about your family affairs, for the secrets of the household do not even belong to the man you are going to marry. Guard yourself in word and deed; hold his love in the best way possible; tie it firmly to you with the blue ribbon of hope, and never let it be eaten away by that little fox who destroys so many loving ties and who is called familiarity.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Physicians Acknowledge there is less Deafness.

Physicians have watched with a jealous eye the increasing popularity of the sound discs invented by H. A. Wales, of Bridgeport, Conn., as patients who have been under their care for years, have in a week's time had their hearing restored by its use, and they acknowledge that there may be a decrease in the percentage of deaf people in the Census of 1890.

Bill Arp on Music and Dancing.

Some folks don't care much about music—some don't care anything about dancing, but some folks like both, because it is their nature and they can't help it. It is just as natural for children to love to dance to the harmony of sweet sounds as it is for them to love to play marbles or jump the rope, or any other innocent sport. The church allows its members to pat the foot to music, but condemns dancing, because it leads to dissipation and bad company, but we shouldn't let it lead the young folks that way. The church condemns minstrel shows and minstrel songs, but has lately stolen from them some of their sweetest tunes, and set them to sacred verse, and is all the better for it. Who does not appreciate the "Lillie of the Valley" that is now sung to the "Cabin in the Lane." Puritanism, and penance, and long faces, and assumed distress are passing away. The Methodist discipline that forbade jewelry, and ornaments, and fine dressing has become obsolete, for it was against nature—what our creator has given us to enjoy let us enjoy in reason and in season and be all the more thankful for His goodness.

I believe in music. Joseph Henry Lumpkin, our great chief justice, said there was music in all things except in the braying of an ass or the tongue of a scold. I believe in the refining influences

of music over the young, and if an occasional dance at home or in the parlor of a friend will make the young folks happy, let them be happy. I read Dr. Calhoun's beautiful lecture that he delivered before the Atlanta Medical college, a lecture on the human throat as a musical instrument, and I was charmed with its science, its instruction and its literary beauty. I read part of it to those boys who were practicing for the serenade—about the wonders of the human larynx, that in ordinary singers could produce 120 different sounds, and fine singers like Jenny Lind could produce a thousand, and Madame Mora, whose voice compassed three octaves, could produce 2,100 different notes; and about Farinelli, who cured Philip V., king of Spain, of a dreadful malady by singing to him, and after he was fully restored he was afraid of a relapse and hired Farinelli to sing to him every night at a salary of fifty thousand francs, and he sang to him as David harped for Saul. Music fills up so many gaps in the family. The young people can't work and read and study all the time. They must have recreation, and it is better to have it at home than hunt for it elsewhere. If the old folks mope and grunt and complain around the house it is no wonder that the children try to get away. And they will get away if they have to marry to do it. I have known girls to marry very trifling lovers because they were tired of home.—Atlanta Constitution.

Carl Pretzel's Philosophy.

Goot order vas der foundation shtones of peace, und peace vas der bulliest blessing in der vorltdt.

Don't put plainly mud on der wheels of time, und you sail along, pooty easy, der track of life ofer.

Man vas a tramp anyhow. Ofer his feetshteps vas valk flowers on efery day, he would pooty soon fergot der burbose of his shurney droo life.—National Weekly.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

A Hard Name Anyway.

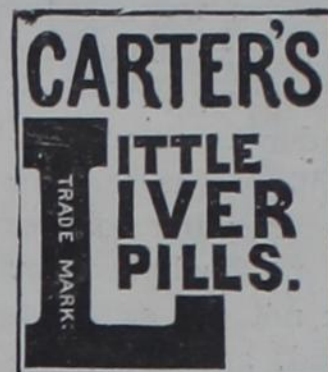
Mr. Blobson—"Didn't I hear you calling one of your little playmates hard names just now, Johnny?"

Johnny Dumpsey (who is twice as erudite as his father)—"Perhaps you did, pa. I don't see how I could very well help it. His name is Peter Stone."—Burlington Free Press.

If you have a COLD or COUGH, acute or leading to CONSUMPTION, SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA IS SURE CURE FOR IT.

This preparation contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and fine Norwegian Cod Liver Oil. Used by physicians all the world over. It is as palatable as milk. Three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil. A perfect Emulsion, better than all others made. For all forms of Wasting Diseases, Bronchitis, CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, and as a Flesh Producer there is nothing like SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is sold by all Druggists. Let no one by profuse explanation or impudent entreaty induce you to accept a substitute.

"You can't eat your dinner and have it, too," said the sympathetic steward to the seasick passenger.—Truth.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Ask your store-keeper for a bundle of COLGAN'S TAFFY-TOLU. It's delicious.

PHOTOS 14 Lovely Beauties, sealed, only 10c.; 50 for 25c. NOVELTY CO., Bay Shore, N. Y.

DYSPEPTICS (incurable preferred) wanted. POPP'S POLIKLINIK, Philadelphia, Pa. Book free. Mention TEXAS SIFTINGS.

JOHN MILLARD writes from Odessa, Ind., Nov. 26.—Dye's Beard Elixir has produced a heavy mustache on my upper lip in 4 weeks. My face was entirely smooth. Hundreds more. ELIXIR grows the heaviest beard, and hair, in 4 weeks. Warranted. In bottles or metal cases, ready for use. Complete remedy by mail, only 25c. in stamps or silver. Work four times this amount. Smith Med. Co., Palatine, Ills.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.

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BOOKS WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD! BY MAIL POSTAGE PAID AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES: Ladies Guide to Fancy Work, Illustrated, \$.25 How to Propagate and Grow Fruit, Ill'd, .25 American Live Stock Manual, Illustrated, .25 Guide to Profitable Poultry Raising, Ill'd, .25 Employment Seekers Guide, New Openings, &c., 25c. Western World Guide and Hand-Book, .50 Dickens' Complete Works, 12 Vols., 1.00 Waverley Novels, by Walter Scott, 20 Vols., 1.50 The Western World, Illustrated, One Year, .25 Sample Copy and 100 Page Catalogue, .10 Chance to Save Money on a Thousand Articles, many of which we send free for a few Subscribers. Address THE WESTERN WORLD, Chicago, Ill.

\$75 PER MONTH SALARY and expenses paid, any active man or woman to sell a line of Silver Plated Ware, Watches and Jewellery by sample only; can live at home. We furnish Team Free. Full particulars and sample case free. We mean just what we say, and do exactly as we agree. Address at once, Standard Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

The Best Influence for Children.

Keep your children at home. God gave them to you, and you alone are responsible for them. If you would have them grow up industrious, thoughtful men and women, set them a good example, and keep them under your own influence as much as possible. The man or woman who does nothing but loaf or visit, accomplishes no good whatever in this life, and I doubt not the seed has been sown in childhood, and the seemingly harmless visiting while young developed the lazy street loafer and gossiping gadabout.

The mother who can serenely walk out of her house for an afternoon of pleasure, sending her children to a neighbor for protection, may spend a charming and restful evening; but if she could look behind the scenes at her neighbor's she might not be quite so well contented with herself.

Persons may say what they please about one child being as much trouble as a half dozen. It is not so—especially if the five belong to your neighbor. There is just six times as much noise—for each child must make its own individual noise; six times as much mischief—particularly if there are boys among the number, six times as many apples, tea cakes or slices of bread if they become hungry—and they always do—besides the annoyance of being held responsible for any bumps or bruises they may get while on your side of the fence. Some philanthropist might rejoice at such an opportunity to instruct the neglected children, but few mothers have time to run charity kindergartens for shiftless neighbors. Don't imagine other people think as much of your children as you do; or their grandmother who pets them to death; or maidens who scold them ditto, for they don't; and you may as well be undeceived if you have any such false impression. Though other parents may not think their children perfection, be assured of one fact: they are in their eyes much nearer perfection than yours.

Take an interest in your children's sports, sympathize with their little sorrows and show them how to be happy without constant visiting or having visitors. There is so much done for the instruction and pleasure of children at present that parents who are not embracing such opportunities do not deserve to live in this age, which is truly a golden one for the little folks. Literature for children is such an improvement over the exciting tales of the past. The many beautiful pictures, each a story in itself, which will entertain a child of almost any age. Instructive games and innumerable other amusements which will instruct as well as amuse, can be purchased so reasonably that they are within the reach of the most modest income. Indeed I begrudge every nickel I see wasted on sweetmeats by children which might be put into something of lasting benefit to them and help to teach them to love home, parents, brothers and sisters better than all the world besides.—Exchange.

Fingers of Scorr.

The sweller the wedding, the stiller the divorce.

The mongrel cur in a velvet blanket, led by a silver chain, is the dude of dogdom.

In China they use bells to frighten away evil spirits. Here they use them to call people to church and auctions.

The American workingman is hard to understand. When he thinks he is not getting wages enough, he strikes and doesn't get any at all.

You never realize just how much of pathos and beauty there is in the text: "He giveth His beloved rest," till when,

about this time of year, the preacher throws out a feeler anent his vacation plans.

And now the Ladies' Aid Society giveth the strawberry festival, and so worketh on the copper-lined bowels of compassion of the parishioners that as much as fifteen dollars are sometimes raised to build the new church.

There was a time when anybody was ashamed of being called a crank; but that is past, and now lots of people go about proudly displaying their crankiness, as elated over their mental abnormalities as a dog with two tails—and as ludicrous.

If real-life villains were as villainous-looking and transparent as the villains of the stage, private detectives would go hungry. And if stage villains were even reasonably clever, the comedy-drama would all have to be turned the other side up.—Kate Field's Washington.

The Umpire's Ruling.

Umpire—"One strike."
Striker—"Wha-a-at!"
Crowd—"O-o-oh!"
Captain—"Did you call that a strike?"
Umpire (suavely)—"One strike, I said."
Captain—"Why, the man couldn't have reached that with the Eiffel tower!"
Umpire—"Under the rules, sir, I am sole judge of strikes. If, in order to facilitate the game, I see fit to call a ball a strike, I believe I have a right to do so." (To the pitcher.) "Play ball. Two strikes."

Striker (savagely)—"Two blank, you blank, blank fool!"

Crowd (wildly)—"Rotten!—who hired you? He's a roaster! Hit him in the neck! Whoop! hiss! groan!"

Captain—"I protest the game!"
Umpire (calmly)—"Play ball. Three strikes and out."

Whereupon the striker fells the umpire to the ground with his bat; the captain and players jump upon and kick the prostrate body, and the crowd surge into the field, and tear the corpse into a thousand pieces.

Moral to Umpires.—Don't attempt to introduce the methods of Speaker Reed into the National Game, or you will suffer for it.—G. A. E., in Puck.

THEY WERE IN LUCK.**Two Fortunate Young Men Who Drew Lottery Prizes.**

Two very fortunate gentlemen were seen to-day by an *Item* reporter. They had both drawn prizes at the last monthly drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, at New Orleans, April 15th.

Mr. James Forest, of 1257 North Eleventh street, was one of the gentlemen. He said: "I have never gone in the lottery before, but was induced to do so by a friend, who had won a small sum at a previous drawing."

"On last Saturday I was dumbfounded to learn that I had drawn \$5,000 of the second capital prize of \$100,000. I held one-twentieth of the ticket No. 27,994. I had no trouble whatever in obtaining the money."

The other fortunate man is employed at 224 North Front street. His name is W. H. Dersham.

When *The Item* reporter visited him, he found him busily engaged with his work, and the fact of his having considerably increased his worldly possessions did not seem to have visibly affected him.

The reporter was on the point of congratulating Mr. Dersham, when he said: "I am not the only owner of the twentieth part of ticket No. 41,669, which drew the third capital prize at New Orleans."

"There is another gentleman who went in with me, and he gets one-half of the \$2,500 which I drew. I had no trouble whatever in getting the money and received it last night, minus the small amount paid for express charges. This is my third venture, while my friend has never been in it before."—*Philadelphia (Pa.) Item*, May 1.

Figs and Thistles.

A man seldom falls on the ice. Our tumbles come when we think we are safe.

Everything which has form in nature is trying to tell us something for our good.

It does beat all how cheap some people will sell their souls for immediate payment.

A man who has never been ashamed of himself has never been well introduced to himself.

One of the hardest castles for the devil to overcome is the home where love is king.

No man ever finds rest, and lies down in the green pastures of content until he finds God.

The devil don't care two straws for your profession. All he is afraid of is your practice.

You can't square accounts with God as long as you owe your brother anything. Matt. 5:23-24.

The first glass has the most poison in it.

To hate, in God's dictionary, means to kill.

Form in matter is thought made visible.

Every unsaved person is a moral suicide.

A wife who is worth having is worth praising.

It is not the sinner God wants to destroy, but his sin.—The Indianapolis Ram's Horn.

A Base Deceiver.

"Impossible, sir!" The speaker was a handsome young woman, well dressed, and her eyes flashed with indignation as she said to a benevolent-looking old jeweler behind the counter, "that ring was given me by a person who would scorn such deceit."

"Then he must have been imposed on himself," replied the jeweler, "for this is no diamond, but paste."

"He got it!" resumed the girl again, and then she blushed and faltered, but resumed—"It was bought from a house whose name is a guarantee of good faith."

"Then, perhaps you have taken it to some untrustworthy person for repairs," said the jeweler, "who has changed the real diamond for this pretty piece of paste."

"It has never left my possession since—I mean I have always worn it until this diamond fell out yesterday," and she put the emphasis on diamond.

"Well, it's paste," returned the jeweler, doggedly, "and I will only take it for repairs on that understanding."

"Thank you," she replied, with all the dignity she could command, "I will not trouble you with it." But one could see that she felt that the jeweler was right and that she was just bursting with indignation against some one.

"It's a shame," said the merchant, "to shatter her little heart's faith so early in the gay deceiver, man, but it's self-protection."—New York Tribune.

Different Signals Given by Flags.

To "strike a flag" is to lower the national colors in token of submission.

Flags are used as the signal of rank and command, the officers using them being called flag officers; such flags are square, to distinguish them from other banners.

A "flag of truce" is a white flag displayed to an enemy to indicate a desire for a parley or consultation.

The white flag is a sign of peace. After a battle parties of both sides often go out to the field to rescue the wounded or bury the dead under the protection of a white flag.

Good morning
Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?

The red flag is a sign of defiance, and is often used by revolutionists. In our service it is a mark of danger, and shows a vessel to be receiving or discharging her powder.

The black flag is a sign of piracy.

The yellow flag shows a vessel to be at quarantine, or is the sign of contagious disease.

A flag at half mast means mourning. Fishing and other vessels return with a flag at half mast to announce the loss or death of some of the men.

Dipping the flag is lowering it slightly and then hoisting it again, to salute a vessel or fort.

If the President of the United States goes afloat the American flag is carried in the bows of his barge or hoisted at the main of the vessel on board of which he is.—Journal of Education.

Another Kind.

"How did Blowhard lose his eyes?"

"He had an encounter with an Indian, I believe."

"Why, I never knew that he had been further West than Buffalo!"

"He hasn't. He ran into a cigar sign when he was coming home from the club one night."—Lawrence American.

Do not suffer from sick headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

A Business Woman.

Mabel—"The man who marries me must have a good big bank account."

Ethel—"You don't mean to say you will marry solely for money?"

"Mabel—"No, not exactly; but if any one swears he loves me I shall require a deposit merely as an evidence of good faith."—Judge.

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